

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. I.—No. 16

[Entered at
Stationer's Hall.]

LONDON: APRIL 21, 1894.

[Registered at the General Post
Office as a Newspaper.]

PRICE FOUR PENCE.



THE LAST PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

A Nymph of the Ballet Studies the Part of Accepting a Bouquet.

The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"THE MIRROR OF LIFE" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free ... 17s. 4d.
Six Months, ditto ... 8s. 8d.
Three Months, ditto ... 4s. 6d.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, THE MIRROR OF LIFE," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L. (Newcastle).—You can secure THE MIRROR OF LIFE of D. Watmough 39 and 40, Newgate, Newcastle.
M. (Brighton).—Your request has been granted.
J. W. (Nottingham).—Send portrait at your earliest convenience.
T. J. (Glasgow).—The "Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" will be ready for delivery on April 21.
READER.—Peter Jackson and his manager, Charles E. Davies, will probably reach this country early in May.
SUBSCRIBER.—See record of Jem Mace elsewhere in these columns.
L. N. (Barnsbury).—THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be sent you post paid for thirteen weeks on receipt of 4s. 6d.
ELLISON (Bristol).—Lodge an order with your newsagent, and if he should neglect to supply you regularly please drop us a postcard.
T. (Manchester).—Write to Mr. John Fleming, Manager, National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London.

LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JAMES J. CORBETT,

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

Will be sent post-paid on receipt of One Shilling to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

No life or death in the Peerage has shocked the public so much as that of the Marquess of Allesbury, who expired through reckless living, and substantially in poverty and disgrace, at Brixton, April 10. Being born to wealth and dignity, he was afforded every opportunity to distinguish himself, and could, had he so desired, attained the same position in life as Lord Rosebery. It was the height of his ambition, however, to mingle with a reckless set and lead a fast life. When he was Viscount Savernake, he prided himself on assuming the role of a coxter, both in dress and actions, and startled the people by attempting to drive through Rotten Row with a donkey and barrow. His language was coarse, vulgar, and extremely illiterate, and would excel in blasphemy the most depraved citizen of Billingsgate.

His family were dignified and highly respectable, and it would be a difficult matter to describe the agonies they were forced to forbear. The Marquess was a frequenter of music halls, owl clubs, and the racecourse, and squandered in a most reckless way an extremely large fortune in a short space of time. His career on the Turf terminated in disgrace, being warned off Newmarket Heath in 1887, because of the questionable running of his horse, Everitt, in the Harewood Plate. In another column we publish a detailed

account of the eccentric Marquess, which will no doubt prove interesting reading to the public.

* * *

CORBETT and Jackson have already begun to "sling mud" at each other, and by midsummer their discussions are likely to prove of a rich and uncomplimentary character to each other. Corbett realises that he does Jackson an honour to recognise him as a prospective opponent, because of his colour, an argument John L. Sullivan always put forth when Jackson challenged him; but as Corbett has faced the black once he is duty bound to complete the unfinished battle of a few years ago. Corbett has always displayed an inclination to meet all comers regardless of size and colour, and no doubt when the proper time arrives he will accommodate Peter with as much, and probably more, fight than he anticipates.

* * *

THE fever for pugilism has already begun to take a grip on the public, and with Corbett and Jackson in this country the interest will increase considerably, so that by next fall fighting will have a proper boom.

* * *

THE Tonsorial artists are evincing considerable interest in the shaving competition for the championship, and will turn out in full force when the match is in progress.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

HE CHLOROFORMED HER.

A Discarded Lover's Cowardly Manner of Revenge.

(Subject of Illustration.)

JEALOUSY and disappointment cause some men to lose all respect to manhood and decency. An illustration of how contemptible a man can be when he possesses a narrow mind came to light the other day not many miles from London. The scene of action was a large boarding house, and among the inmates is a young man who, for some time, has been most persistent in his admiration and attentions to a young lady who, during the day, is employed in the office of a prominent business man in the city. His attentions, however, were decidedly obnoxious to the young lady, and when she rejected his advances he immediately accused her of bestowing her affections upon her employer, and declared he would have his revenge. Little credence was placed in his threats, and nothing more was thought of it. He, however, connived his scheme, and, acting upon his notions, bored a hole through the floor above, directly above where the young lady's head sought repose. The other night he put his cowardly designs into execution by procuring a long stick, at the end of which he attached a sponge. This he saturated with chloroform, and when the fair one had retired he dropped it through till it came close to her nostrils. Stertorous breathing convinced him that his victim was past a sense of feeling, and he then made for her room. What transpired is a matter of conjecture. It may be said, however, that he has left for parts unknown, and should he ever put in an appearance he will be handed over to the authorities to be dealt with.

TURNED HIM UPSIDE DOWN.

A Cowboy Prevents a Home Run With his Lasso.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"The Mid-Winter Fair," says a San Francisco correspondent, "has brought many a cowboy to town just to have a peep on how the mining camp and Wild West scenes are produced. Base ball—our national game—is foreign to them, and when one of the visitors attended a game the other day he took exceptions to men scoring home runs. One of our heavy hitters put a ball straight over centre field's head, and was good to make a good home run. The cowboy allowed him to get half way down to second base, when he ran up to the pitcher's box, and, throwing his lasso, gave him a beautiful tumble. For a man to try and dodge a lasso is about as easy as running away from a bullet shot at him by an expert, and so it proved with the ball player. The lasso caught him, and it took pretty tall explaining to prevent a serious fight.

WILLIAM A. BRADY,

The Energetic and Shrewd Theatrical Manager who has made Corbett Famous.

(With Portrait.)

WISACRES are always prepared to tell you what they can do and what they know, but when you come to sift them down, you find that what they don't know would fill a book of amazingly huge proportions. The man the people appreciate is the one who says little but does much, and is not always prepared to advance his knowledge. William A. Brady is just such a man, who has little to say, and is ever ready to meet any obstacle that falls in his path. That is the reason of his success as a theatrical manager. Some people say Champion Corbett has made Brady, but in reality it is Brady that has made Corbett. It would hardly do to suggest that Corbett can't fight, and has attained his title through inferior work, because such an idea would be preposterous. We say he can fight, and has only reached the top notch of the fistio ladder by superior ability, but attaining the championship and making a small fortune in a short space of time are entirely different matters. It is due to the shrewd and judicious management of Brady that the champion has made so much money at show business. Brady has just reached the shady side of his thirtieth year, and for a man so young to be a prosperous theatrical manager is sufficient evidence of his managerial ability. It was whilst conducting the "After Dark" Company that he conceived the idea of securing Corbett as the hero in that popular American melodrama, and being successful in his efforts made the champion a feature of the play. After the Corbett-Sullivan fight he had written the play called "Gentleman Jack," fitting the principal character to Corbett, who for two seasons has played to astonishing business throughout the Eastern States. One week in Boston showed the receipts to be 12,000 dols. for the Company's share. Brady conducts several companies through the States during the season and, curious to say, each shows a profit. During his visit here he will select talent which he will take to the States for the next season, and a year hence he will have a permanent show at a theatre, which he expects to secure in New York City.

MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT.

Life-Partner of the Champion Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

MUCH of a man's future depends upon the kind of a wife he chooses to share his joys and sorrows, and, if a great deal of sorrow falls to his lot, his life-partner can lighten the burden considerably, providing she is a good mate and accepts adversity as a matter of fact in hopes of "better luck to-morrow." Handsome women, as a rule, make poor wives, but in Mrs. Corbett we find an exception. She is well educated, attractive, and in all a lovely lady, who believes that her James is the only perfect mortal ever created. Though she has always been opposed to her husband being a pugilist she accepts the inevitable with good grace, and when Mr. Corbett is matched she displays as much anxiety for his welfare as anyone possibly could. Being a lady in every sense of the word, she moves in excellent society, and it is mainly due to her social standing that the great pugilist is catered to by the better classes.

WHISKY CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.

How Trouble Arose Between Cowboys and the Indians.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN the United States it is a criminal offence to sell a red man liquor of any description, because once the Indian gets a skiful of "fire-water" he first becomes jolly and finally gets vindictive and displays an anxiety to scalp all whom he comes in contact with. A correspondent, writing from Indian territory, says, "Whisky is the root of all evil, and still the red men, cowboys and miners, are continually chasing about to secure some of that root. One of the causes of our first outbreak was due to two enterprising and lawless individuals visiting this section and selling whisky at two dollars a bottle. It rapidly became known that anyone having the price could purchase a bottle. The pair of culprits did a thriving business, because Indians and cowboys purchased liquor—as much liquor as their finances would permit. When the red men had drunk sufficient to make them feel frisky, they danced about and made merry with the cowboys. As the effects of the whisky wore off they were not slow in declaring that 'Injun wants more fire-water; make him heap happy.' When they got in a fighting mood they became inspired with the notion that they must scalp some one. The cowboys objected to this, hence the fight. If the culprits that dispensed the liquor are ever caught, they will be lynched at short notice.

WALTER EDGERTON, the KENTUCKY "ROSEBUD."

The Man Who Knocked George Dixon out.

(With Portrait.)

WALTER EDGERTON, the Kentucky Rosebud, who recently knocked out George Dixon, is a thoroughbred Southern darkey. He was born at Norfolk, Va., Nov. 18, 1868. His first fight of any prominence was with the bare knuckles against Jeff Williams. The "Rosebud," then but 15 years of age, was an easy winner in seven rounds. Edgerton decided to follow fighting as a profession, and went to Philadelphia, and met all comers for three months, defeating some fifty men. The most prominent were Johnny Banks of New York, four rounds; Sam Robinson of Chester, who was 20lb heavier, two rounds; John Taylor of Brooklyn, four rounds; Washington Domini, four rounds; Bill Davies of Wilmington, Del., three rounds. The "Rosebud," weighing but 115lb, fought the late Paddy Duffy, of Boston, a welter-weight, a 20-round draw in private. When the Southwark Athletic Club of Philadelphia was organised in February, 1889, the "Rosebud" there met and defeated a large number of the best pugilists, and among the number Tom Edwards, six rounds; Paddy Carroll, six rounds; Billy Peterson six rounds; Jimmy Doyle, four rounds; Jimmy Johnson, six rounds; Jimmy Hagen, four rounds; Lee Damro, of Washington, D. C., four rounds, and Bobby Burns of Providence, who defeated Cal McCarthy, four rounds. His first and only defeat was at the hands of Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, who did it in the third round of a four-round contest at the Southwark Athletic Club.

They met shortly afterwards, when the "Rosebud" had all the best of four rounds, flooring the Spider several times. The "Rosebud" next defeated Eugene Hornbacher and Billy Peterson in six rounds each at the New York Athletic Club; Jess Moulton, Martin Neary and Young Shanklin, four rounds each, and George Strang, of Denver, two rounds, at the Ariel Club of Philadelphia. He also met Champion George Dixon at this club, and it was claimed by three-fourths of the large assembly that the "Rosebud" had much the better of the four rounds. Dixon was knocked down during the contest, and had there been a decision given it would, without doubt, have been given against Dixon. Jack Lynch, the present sparring partner of Dixon, was defeated by the "Rosebud" in three rounds. Edgerton had now the worst of a four-round contest with Fred Morris, known as Muldoon's Cyclone, at the Ariel Club. His only finish fights have been with Jimmy Johnson, of Philadelphia, whom he defeated in nine rounds with small gloves in private; Jeff Williams, seven rounds, Norfolk, Va., and Pete Jackson of Jersey City, sixteen rounds; Jackson was 30lb heavier. The "Rosebud" met Johnny Van Heest twice in four-round contests at the Winter Circus Building in Philadelphia. He was much too fast company for Johnny, and clearly bested him on both occasions. The "Rosebud" met George Dixon on two other occasions in four-round contests, once at the Lyceum Theatre and Winter Circus, and in both contests gave the champion fully all that he sent. Edgerton is very comical in some of his actions in the ring. He is 5ft. 4in. in height, well built and very muscular. The ambition of his life has been for years to meet George Dixon to a finish, and he has never admitted a doubt that he would be returned a winner. He was not able to raise the necessary amount of stakes demanded by Dixon, but he has been long recognised as a great and proven great little man.

SIR ROBERT JARDINE.

A Gentleman Sportsman and Turf Patron.

(With Portrait.)

THE popularity of horse racing is maintained through the efforts of a circle of gentlemen who pursue the pastime for recreation, and to that class does Sir Robert Jardine belong. He is respected and honoured by all true sportsmen, and though he has some speedy horses, he does not allow himself to be too prominently identified with the Turf.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A Chinaman Caught Cooking Opium for a Girl is Arrested.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN making a descent on an opium joint in New York city recently, a police officer caught a Chinaman in the act of cooking opium for a fourteen-year-old girl, who had been inveigled into the filthy basement. He was taken in charge and admitted to bail. Several complaints have of late been lodged against the place, by people who claim that innocent young girls are enticed in, and, when under the influence of the drug, their persons are ravaged by the almond-eyed wretches.

THE FANCY.

Curious Remarks on the Origin, Rise, and Progress of Pugilism in England.

(A.D. 1823.)

If the opinion of that senator be of any weight whose speeches have been so often loudly cheered in the House of Commons, whose enlightened mind, classical acquirements, and transcendent talents have so delighted and refined the senses of his auditors by his brilliant wit, his figurative imagination and irresistible eloquence—a mind stored with researches from ancient and modern literature, united with a conversant practice of the character and knowledge of mankind in all its various gradations, from the rusticity of a cudgelling bout at a country fair, the humours of a bull bait, the minutiae of a boxing match—down to the finished elegance of Royalty, he has thus publicly declared his sentiments:—

"A smart contest, this, between Maddox and Richmond! Why are we to boast so much of the native valour of our troops, as shown at Talavera, at Vimeira, and at Maida, yet to discourage all the practices and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings? The sentiments that filled the minds of the three thousand spectators who attended, the two pugilists were just the same in kind as those which inspired the higher combatants on the occasion before enumerated. It is the circumstances only in which they are displayed that make the difference.

"He that the world subdued had been But the best wrestler on the green."

"There is no sense in the answer always made to this, 'Are no men brave but boxers?' Bravery is found in all habits, classes, circumstances, and conditions. But have habits and institutions of one sort no tendency to form it more than of another? Longevity is found in persons of habits the most opposite; but are not certain habits more favourable to it than others?"

"The courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the mere beating or being beat; but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate nature? Or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood?"

Then if such an enlightened senator as the late Right Hon. W. Windham felt no hesitation in promulgating the above sentiments respecting the utility of pugilism as a national trait, there appears no necessity whatever, that any of its professors stand in need of an apology!

Strange it is that our bloods, Whose colour, weight, and heart pour'd out together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In difference mighty. But do not so—From lowest place, when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed. Where great addition swells, and virtues none.

It is a draped honour; good alone Is good, without a name; vileness is so. The property, by what it is, should go, Not by the title. Honours best thrive When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave;

Debauched on every tomb—on every grave;

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb; Where dust and damnd oblivion is the tomb

Of honoured bones, indeed!



Richard Humphries, the Gentleman Boxer,

so denominated from his genteel appearance and behaviour. He was a graceful

boxer, and his attitudes were of the most elegant and impressive nature. He was about the middle size, strong, and well limbed, and had studied the science with great advantage. His blows were very powerful, and the stomach and under the ear were the principal objects of his aim. In general, he struck with his right and stopped with his left; but did not make use of both hands with equal facility. His game was unquestionable, and Humphries was considered a most distinguished pugilist. He was so attractive as to revive pugilism, which had been on the decline for some time; and on its being publicly announced that he was to fight Martin, the Bath butcher, on a stage at Newmarket, May 3, 1786, the whole of the amateurs rallied, and the set-to was witnessed by most of the nobility then in England. A guinea was the price of admission, and many hundreds paid it cheerfully. The collection was to go to the winner. Between thirty and forty thousand pounds were sported on the occasion. Martin was a boxer of some repute, but shorter than Humphries, yet a well-made man, and who had seen some service in the pugilistic field of honour. The set-to was distinguished for science, and Humphries parried off his adversary's attack with great adroitness, and stood up to Martin manfully. The latter was deficient in distance, and sometimes fell, which rendered his hits rather feeble. Humphries was the favourite. Martin, finding that his distance was wrong, went boldly in to Humphries, and betting became equal. However, Humphries soon appeared the fancy man, by giving his opponent a leveller, and varied the odds in his favour. Martin, notwithstanding, fought well, contesting every inch of ground; and not till after a complete mill for three-quarters of an hour, and receiving a blow from Humphries which nearly rolled him up, did Martin signify that he had enough. The amateurs were highly gratified, and both the pugilists established their fame, but more particularly Humphries.

Numerous sporting men rallied round pugilism, and the professors of the science were not without high and noble patrons. Royalty frequently witnessed the displays of the art, accompanied by Dukes, Earls, Honourables, and men of the first distinction felt not ashamed of being seen in the ring, or in acting as umpires at a boxing match.

The science, courage, and gentleman-like conduct of Humphries had secured him many friends, and with a mind by no means destitute of intelligence, he did not fail in claiming admiration and respect. But deservedly distinguished as Humphries stood in the boxing hemisphere, a competitor had lately risen up to share his fame and glory; it not even to aspire to superiority. He was not only a daring, but a most formidable rival, as his pretensions to pugilistic excellence were known to be sound; he had been proved, and his specimens of skill in the trying conflict had made a deep impression upon the amateurs, and it was judged expedient by the men of note that Mendoza should enter the lists with their favourite Humphries. Negotiations were commenced. The preliminaries being agreed to, Odiham, in Hampshire, for 400 guineas, upon a raised 24ft stage in a paddock, and the door-money divided between the combatants, were the terms and place where this memorable contest was to be decided. The day (January 9, 1788) being known, description falls short in pouring the anxiety which prevailed both in town and country. Distance was out of the question, and weather was no object, Humphries and Mendoza were to fight, and that was the only consideration. From the towns and villages near the scene of action, the country people seemed equally interested; and numerous pedestrians were seen in all directions moving towards the fight, so that within an hour previous to the battle, the assemblage collected together in one spot was truly astonishing and irresistible. To prevent the combatants from being bilked out of the door money (which was half a guinea for each person's admission) the most athletic were selected for the protection of the entrance, and the potent arms of Dunn, Ryan, and Tring, assisted by other powerful pugilists, kept for some time the saucy intruders at bay; but as the time drew near for the combatants to mount the stage, the anxiety of the crowd increased beyond every other thought, and with one desperate effort, like a mighty flood, swept all before it, so that the door-keepers were soon lost by the violence of the torrent, and thousands never gave themselves any trouble as to the expense of admission. All was noise, uproar, and confusion for some minutes, occasioned by this sudden interruption; but upon the appearance of hostilities commencing, their attention was so completely riveted that an awful silence, as if by one impulse, suddenly prevailed.

(To be continued.)

MINNIE: "I shall never marry any man who drinks."

Mamie: "Isn't that rather a risky vow to make, dear? What assurance have you that any sober man will ever propose to you?"

JEM MACE.

The Last of England's Ring Champions.

(With Portrait.)

THE history of James Mace in extenso is sufficiently full of incidents to fill at least three good-sized volumes. So, therefore, only a short notice of the principal events of an interesting career will be produced—events which will tend to cleanse his name from the bad odour brought about by his own folly. At one portion of his ring career Mace was, through an error of judgment, in extremely bad taste with the general public, but with a determination to advance to the highest pinnacle of fame in his profession, he blossomed into a champion and holder of the English Championship Challenge Belt. In weight Mace was the lightest man that ever attained that distinction.

The Maces, for generations, have been smiths in the neighbourhood of the old cathedral city of Norwich. There have been many discussions as to the date of the champion's birth, but Mace has admitted that he was born on Good Friday, April 8, 1831, at Beeston, in Norfolk. Although repeatedly called a gipsy there is not a drop of gipsy blood in his veins. The champion's uncle married a gipsy, and Pooley Mace was the result. It is claimed that the women of the gipsy "race" bring the children up with the tribe, and are self-supporting, so that Pooley in his turn married the queen of the gipsies, who, it is said, is now in Chicago as one of the features of the great exhibition in a gipsy tent, revealing the past, present, and future. It is not known whether, in after years, Mike Madden, jealous of Mace's success, using the oft-repeated exclamation "I wish I had the blanker in a saw-pit," knew Mace's original occupation, but it remains for us to say that James Mace was a bound apprentice to a sawyer. The champion has often said that he learned both to read and write, but when in after days he mixed up with the illiterate bruiser he allowed these accomplishments to sink into desuetude, and although, years afterwards, Mace, like most bruisers, could make a good mark, he could never regain his lost knowledge, and the reading and writing of letters was relegated to a secretary.

Mace, in his sixteenth year, gave his master leg-bail, and with his fiddle, which he could play excellently, he set out on his adventures with another lad (afterwards a well-known character in Norwich), called Bunny Bligh. Whether Jem played and Bunny danced it is not known; but Jem's ambition for a boxer's life was fired by seeing the men spar outside Nat Langham's booth at one of the fairs to which the youngsters travelled. Somehow Jem found out that Nat travelled backwards and forwards, while the fair lasted, from his lodgings, in his gig, each morning, and in order to attract the old middle-weight champion's attention one particular morning Jem got up an impromptu fight with Bunny, the lads milling each other all they knew when the sound of the gig wheels told them the great Nat was approaching. "Halloo! my lads, what's up?" exclaimed Nat, whose business eye took in the situation. "If you want to do any boxing (to Mace) come round to my booth. Ask anybody for Nat Langham's and they will show you." This was a long speech for Nat, as those who recollect the host of the Mitre, in St. Martin's Lane, will aver. Jem Mace has often said that the proudest moment of his life was when he was given a singlet, and took his place with the row of boxers who adorned the front of Langham's booth.

Mace was little over sixteen when he met a man with the euphonious name of Liquor Pratt, a publican, of Norwich, a man of mature age, and immense strength; and it was only after a tremendous battle that the youthful Mace had to knock under. Some time afterwards Jem met the champion of some portion of Lincolnshire, whose face was so hard that a man had been known to break a stick over it without any apparent effect, but he wound up by a terrific blow on the mark which doubled him up.

Although Mace had numerous encounters with local celebrities, it was not until October 2, 1855, that Jem's name is first recorded in the pages of *Fistiana*. It is with one Slack, for £5 a-side, and it is curious to note that this is the last fight which took place at Mildenhall, near Newmarket, a place, until then, the scene of more pugilistic encounters than any in the kingdom. On the morning of the encounter Mace, who had been training in the locality, was nearly arrested by an over zealous constable, who pursued him for two miles. Jem found refuge in the house of a local butcher—a lover of the Fancy—who so effectually disguised Jem in a coat belonging to his grandfather, and a slouched hat of true country fashion, that he not only walked past the constable, but when he arrived at the trysting place for the fight he had the pleasure of hearing the crowd asking for Jem, and so effectually disguised was he that it was only after taking off the "old brown coat," and uncovering his head from the "topper" that they knew Mace was before them. It says something for the gameness of the future champion, that after a chase through the

country that he should have defeated his opponent in little over a quarter of an hour.

It was not until February 17, 1857, that Mace met and defeated Bill Thorpe (since dead), under the half hour. Thorpe, who followed the calling of a smith for years, in Woolwich and South London, was as game a man as ever entered the prize ring, and his friends predicted a walk-over for the South Londoner. "We now come to the two fiascos with Mike Madden. Although Mike used often to remark in the after part of Mace's career, "I wish I had the blanker in a saw-pit," it was a coal-yard to a cinder that the slow, ponderous, flat-footed, though heavy hitting Mike would have been only a chopping-block for scientific Mace.

It must ever remain a blot on the pages of "Fistiana" that they in one case say, "Forfeited £50 to Mike Madden," and in the other, "Bolted the morning of the fight." Now, the facts and circumstances are simply these. In the first fight Madden was backed by Dan Dismore, and Mace by Nat Langham. A London paper was to appoint a referee, and that newspaper, from whose decision there was no appeal, selected Dan Dismore. The absurdity of this appointment was at once seen by Nat Langham, who exclaimed, "I might as well be appointed as you, Dan." When Captain Barclay was put forward (not the 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours man), Mace said, "You are a gentleman, and you will give me all I ask—fair play." However, Mr. Lockwood, who kept the White Hart in Drury Lane, was standing part of the stakes with Dismore, objected, and would have no other than the official stakeholder, and as Mace, acting on the advice of Nat Langham, declined to fight under such circumstances, he paid forfeit. It was a long time before Mace could bring Madden to time again. At length Jem agreed to stake £15 to £10 and the men were to have fought on May 10, 1858. They were to meet at London Bridge. On the previous evening Jem Mace, in company with his trainer Dick Fermough, of Norwich, put up at an hotel on Holborn Hill, and, thinking he had a very easy task before him, indulged in a bit of gallantry which so annoyed his trainer that a violent quarrel occurred, which ended in the trainer leaving his charge to his own devices. Mace is essentially a companionable man, and, finding himself thus deserted and alone in London, he determined, in a violent fit of spleen, not to turn up at the starting place. Instead of going to London Bridge Jem, by some unaccountable impulse, went to a cricket match with his bag of colours, and presented one to each of the cricketers engaged in the match. It is unnecessary to state that so enraged were his town-folk at what they considered cowardice that they attempted to burn down his house, a small pub which Jem then kept in Norwich. "I have often laid in my bed night after night, and cried to think they should call me coward," Mace has said.

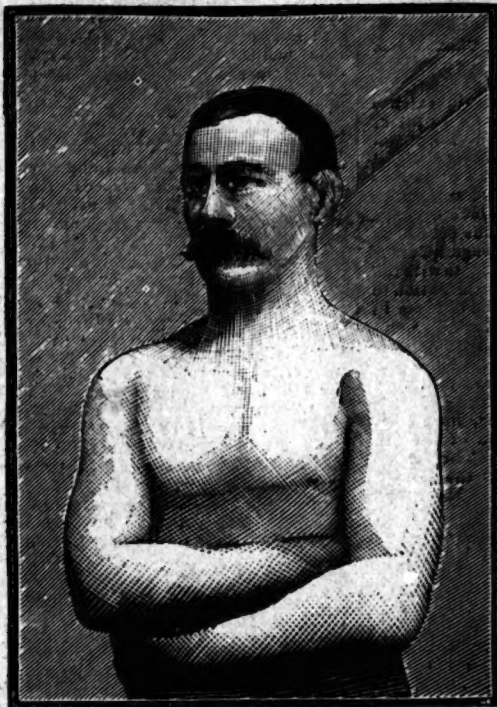
By the remarks in "Fistiana" it will be seen that Mace was in very bad odour with Captain Dorling, the editor of *Bell's Life*, and his refusal to fight under a referee appointed by that authority did not tend to add to his popularity. Accordingly, when on September 21, 1858, Mace, then under a cloud, met Bob Brettie as "George Brown's Novice," Captain Dorling, the editor of *Bell's Life* (speaking to Brown), remarked concerning Mace, "Have you brought that our out without a chain?" Now Mace is extremely sensitive, and the Captain's contemptuous manner, coupled with his remarks, so annoyed Jem that he lost all sense of caution, and leaving an opening, Brettie brought his right home on the point of the jaw and put Jem out. Of course, "cur and coward" were only a few of the epithets bestowed at the time on Jem. Like Tom Moore sings of the vase:—

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

So the recollection of Jem's previous escapade hung round him, and many refused to believe Mace had been knocked out, and again it went forth to the world that the future champion was "cow-hearted." For nearly eighteen months did Mace lie idle, and got so low that he was compelled to act the humble part of potboy for his former conqueror, Bob Brettie, until backing was found for him against Posh Price, whom he met and defeated on January 25, 1859. Mace, owing to his incomparable science, has fewer scars than any man who ever entered the ring, and no one, when the ex-champion is fully "made up," would be guilty of much want of perception in taking Mace for an ex-military officer—such a good figure, and so well "set up" is the old pug. But underneath the old champion's moustache he, to this day, preserves a mark of Posh Price's handiwork in the shape of a deep scar. The wound has the appearance of a hare lip. Posh Price had a remarkable double step, which brought him right under Mace's guard when the "Brum" dealt the "Norwicher" the awful clout. It was a smash, however, which was repaid back with interest. As Mace observed when relating the story, "It was a step that I soon learned."

(To be continued.)



TOM CONNORS.

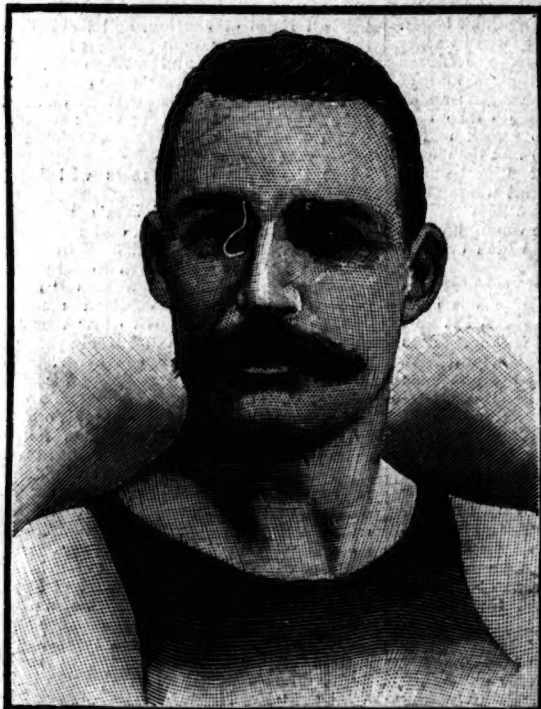
A Lancashire Wrestler who Challenges the World.



HOW HE TRIED TO WALK HOME.

WALTER EDGERTON,
The KENTUCKY "ROSEBUD."

The Man who Knocked George Dixon out.

HIS STAYS WERE LACED TOO TIGHT.
Caused a Dude to Faint before the Family of His Sweetheart.

JAKE GAUDAUR.

Champion Outman of Athletics.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.
How Two Utilised One Deck Chair.



PROUD OF THEIR LEGS.

Strange Fad of London Beauties to be Photographed in Tights.



WHISKY CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.

How Trouble Arose Between Cowboys and the Indians

HONEST SPORTS.**The Mile-End Marvel.****Out for Blood.****Wants Wick and Lloyd.****Tom Steele Talks, Too.****Sprinting in America.****Australian Cricketing.****Sporting Notes of Interest.**

THE tonsorial artists who are to compete for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy for rapid and clean shaving promise to make the blood fly the latter part of May. James Rymer, of the East End, is the most enthusiastic entry thus far received, and declares that he will show some of the hairdressers that he is a finished workman. In speaking of the competition, Rymer says: "I am opposed to having foreigners from the Continent contend, because they do not enter expecting to win, but in order to share a portion of the proceeds of the gate receipts. The men the people wish to see is myself, Teddy Wick and the self-styled champion William Lloyd. The latter is going about the country exhibiting as a champion, but the English people know too much to be so easily hoodwinked. Teddy Wick has made a positive pledge to contend, so his entry is assured as soon as his daughter completes her engagements, but with Lloyd he has never displayed any inclination to either contend or to meet a man in a contest at rapid shaving under fair and equal conditions. However, Wick is the best man I know of at shaving—of course barring myself—and as I am anxious to meet the best man I'll rest content when I have had a shave at the renowned Teddy."

TOM STEELE, the Bethnal Green aspirant for champion honours, believes Rymer is too confident, and while Rymer is trying to lower the colours of Wick, he will be "in the swim" and beat the lot. Steele has a following who are prepared to risk money on their favourite for first place, but state that they must get short odds for their money. With Steele, Rymer, and Wick an exciting struggle will be the result. They all claim to be able to find subjects to operate on, and guarantee every one a volunteer. We are safe to predict, however, that none of THE MIRROR OF LIFE staff will care to pass through the ordeal, especially if the men agree that scraping all actually above the surface is allowable.

As a piece of advice we should suggest that the subjects who are to be operated on should first ascertain the average time it will take to scrape a face, and then practise holding their breath for that length of time in order to be well prepared to pass through the ordeal. Entering tonsorial parlours promiscuously for a shave is rather a ticklish piece of business, hence the reason the masses seek out the man whom they believe the best workman, and give him their patronage. However, the men who contend for the championship trophy will no doubt be thoroughly proficient, and a man may be just as safe having them perform in a rapid fashion as he would be handling the razor himself at his own home.

Up to date a hall at the East-End is the only obtainable, which would be well adapted for the business, and the artists state that in addition to the contest a good variety entertainment, concluding with a sketch-called "Peace at Home," evidently chosen in view of the fact that the match will be the means of producing peace between the Chelsea wonder and the Mile End marvel, which will mean peace at two homes.

An effort is being made in the States to revive sprinting, and there is talk of promoting a series of handicaps for liberal prize money. It is hardly likely, however, that the Yankees will ever enthrone much over sprinting or sprinters. So many crooked races and barefaced robberies have been perpetrated by the men that the public has got too smart to be duped into accepting another dose gracefully. Jack Gibson, of Morden, Fred Vokes, of Pontefract, and other Sheffield winners have visited the States under assumed names, and participated in races which would hardly stand colour with people who love honest sport.

For the past twenty-five years the sprinters have worked from State to State, till nearly every town in the country has been visited and the unsuspecting citizens victimised. Ten years ago handicaps were fairly popular in Philadelphia, but the contestants got to running "stiff," and finally the promoters resorted to "loading" plants, so they could dupe the public, and the game gradually sought such a low level that even sprinters themselves were afraid to go there.

Through crooked running a number of foot-runners have been shot down like dogs

by victims who were deluded into investing all their money in what is termed a "sure thing." Ed Skinner was one of the fastest men in America, and four years ago won a Botany handicap in Sydney, N. S. W., which was worth close on to £4,000 to him. He returned to the States, and then his old desire to "skin" a town got the better of his judgment. He ran a race in the Mormon territory, and induced one man, on the strength of a good argument, to invest all he could scrape together on his chances. The backer knew Skinner was capable of winning, and politely informed him that if he lost he should not complain if he was shot down at the finish. Skinner accepted the talk as so much "bunkum," and lost. He had hardly crossed the finish line a loser when he received a bullet which penetrated both his legs, and to-day he is a cripple, hardly able to move about. The man who shot him was placed in gaol, but released after serving a short term.

Steve Farrell, Dan Souly, Jack Doyle, and Charley MacIvor were among the squares of the American foot-runners who have visited this country and at home; they preferred to run honest, even if it was not so profitable to them.

THE final Inter-Colonial fixture of the Australian season of 1893-4, and on which depended the question whether South Australia received the Lord Sheffield trophy or not, was begun on Ad La Oval on Friday, March 2, and continued on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th ult. The wicket was a grand one, and the scoring rued heavy, while the fluctuations in the game were very many. Blackham and several others were absent from the Victorian ranks, yet when the stumps were drawn on the fourth day the game was in a very exciting condition, the Victorians, set 371 to win, having obtained 229 for the loss of three batsmen only. Scores: South Australia, 316 (J. Reedman 113, J. Darling 87, H. Dyer 40, G. Giffen 29, J. J. Lyons 21) and 276 (Lyons 101, G. Giffen 89 not out, Reedman 27, and Darling 24); Victoria 222 (J. Harry 50, E. Laver 42, H. Stuckey 37, F. H. Walters 24, and 229 for three wickets (Harry 82, R. McLeod 44 not out, F. Laver 43 not out, and Stuckey 27).

THE Prince of Wales is going on the morning of the 24th to Newmarket for the Craven Meeting, when he will stay at the Jockey Club rooms. The Duke of Cambridge is also expected there for the races.

MATTHEW DAWSON is now seventy-five years of age, and no present-day trainer can boast a more successful career in connection with classic races. He trained Thormanby, who won the Derby as far back as 1860; then followed Kingcraft, Silvio, and Melton. Of Two Thousand Guineas winners he can claim Atlantic, Charibert, and Galliard. He prepared Hurricane, Cecilia, Wheel of Fortune, Minthe, and Mimi, all of which won the One Thousand Guineas. His Oaks winners are Catherine Hayes, Spinaway, Jannette, Wheel of Fortune, and Mimi. Silvio, Jannette, Dutch Oven, The Lambkin, and Melton were trained by Dawson for the St. Leger.

MR. GREENHAGH would be richer by £10,000 if he had never seen Roy Neil, who dropped down dead the other day. He gave £4,000 for the horse, and the remaining £6,000 went in bets, stakes, forfeits, and training expenses.

A STRENUOUS effort will be made this summer by several of the American music hall performers to create a popularity for base ball in this country. A league has been formed, and some of the crack players will be distributed about in order to form the nucleus of several strong teams. R. G. Knowles is one of the most persistent workers of the enterprise, and has every confidence in its ultimate success. Champion Corbett is a great admirer of base ball, and a first class player too. If he could be induced to be a member of one of the teams, or even act as umpire, it would certainly have a tendency to create public interest in the game.

THE general opinion amongst amateur bicyclists in America is that A. Zimmerman will commit an error if he turns professional, believing that he would find the amateur ranks more profitable to him for at least three years to come. It is true there is not a great deal of money in professional bicycling, but Zimmerman's joining the ranks may liven up the general interest considerably.

STEVE FARRELL, the Yankee sprinter, embarks on the *Teutonic* at Queenstown, Thursday, April 19. His visit here has been very profitable, and, besides, he leaves behind him many who admire him not only as a fast man, but as a manly fellow.

THE new Birmingham racecourse should be a big success. Birmingham is a large sporting centre, and throughout the whole of the Midlands the greatest affection exists for racing, so that all should be well with the scheme. The estate on which the new track will be laid down is situated about three miles and a half out of the town, fulfils Jockey Club conditions with a thoroughly straight mile, and as the Mid-

land Railway passes by it, that always enterprising company will no doubt see their way clear to opening a racecourse station.

ON April 12, at Bristol, Mr. Beloe presided over the annual meeting of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club. In the course of his remarks he expressed his regret at the death of C. K. Pallen, the umpire, and said that the balance-sheet was the least satisfactory that had been submitted since he had been associated with the club. Even with the Australians playing at Bristol the receipts fell short by £450 of those of 1892. They had heavy payments to make in connection with the County Ground, which, financially, had not been a success to the club.

THE annual meeting of the Sussex County Cricket Club was held on April 12 at Brighton. The report of the committee was of a congratulatory character, and stated that the gate and stand receipts in 1893 were considerably in advance of those of previous years. Special reference was made to the services rendered by Mr. W. L. Murdoch, and to the remarkable bowling of Walter Humphreys. The statement of accounts revealed gross receipts of £3,074 12s. 7d., the most remunerative match having been the one with Gloucestershire, in Whitton week. The Notts match at Brighton this summer, on July 23, 24, and 25, is to be played for the benefit of Jesse Hide.

AN English team of cricketers will probably visit the States in the autumn to play a series of ten or twelve matches.

AT Sheffield Police Court, April 13, before Alderman W. J. Clegg and Mr. Wycliffe Wilson, a number of summonses arising from alleged gambling at Sheaf House, at the Easter Handicap were heard. The landlord, Mr. Morte, was summoned for allowing his licensed premises to be so used, and nine persons were summoned for betting. Mr. W. E. Clegg appeared for the prosecutors. Mr. Ashington defended Morte, and Mr. Wilson appeared for the other defendants and also for the owners of the grounds. The court was crowded, and great interest was taken in the case, which lasted several hours. Mr. Wilson, at the outset, took objection to the fact of the magistrates being both members of the Corporation by whom the summonses had been issued, and contended that the case should be heard in the Stipendiary's court. His objection was overruled, and the case proceeded. Mr. Clegg said it arose out of the recent Easter Handicap at these grounds. While the races were proceeding a number of men were standing along the ring betting. They were distinctly seen making bets with the crowd, and evidence to this end would be produced. During this time Morte was constantly walking among the crowd, and must have seen what was going on, but made no effort to stop it. Indeed, he was seen, so witnesses declared, to make bets himself, carrying for the purpose a bundle of tickets and calling out the odds up and down the course. At the finish of the handicap there was a slight disturbance, it not being clearly seen who had won, and one of the betting men, Walker, refusing to pay at first, had to be accorded police protection till the actual result was known, when he returned to his place and paid out. Mr. Clegg contended that there was a *prima facie* case upon which defendant ought to be sent for trial. Several detectives supported the opening statement, as did several members of the Social Questions League, who had gone with a view of assisting in this prosecution, the case for which then closed. Mr. Ashington, for the defence, urged that no case had been made out connecting his client with offences against the Betting Laws. Recent cases in the Queen's Bench Division showed that no offence was committed by persons resorting to grounds to bet. A person keeping grounds for the purpose of betting might be guilty, but those betting therein were not. He contended that the defendant had committed no offence under the Act, nor was it likely in that event that he would have hired four constables to keep order, who would be able to give evidence against him. Mr. Clegg argued that the case quoted by Mr. Ashington did not meet the point. These grounds were part of licensed premises. The evidence was overwhelming, and it was not contradicted that betting did go on on these days, and, therefore, he urged the Bench to send the defendant for trial. The magistrates decided to send the case to the Quarter Sessions, defendant's own recognisances being accepted for his appearance before the Recorder. The hearing of the case lasted nearly five hours. The other cases will be heard on April 20.

JACOB FLOWERS and Samuel Pitt have been matched to walk five miles, off a mark, at the Lea Brook Grounds, Wednesday, on Monday, April 23, 1894, for £10 a side. The conditions binding the match are that the men shall be at their stations at four o'clock in the afternoon, to start by report of pistol. No caution allowed.

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT and W. Hughes, both of Gornal, are matched to run 100 yards

level, for £5 a side, on April 23, at Wall Heath, at three p.m.

T. Moss, of Gornal, has issued the following challenge to run:—He agrees to take 2yds in 60yds of H. Smith, of Willenhall. Will run Pickhill, of Tipton, level, 80yds, or take one in 100yds of the same. Will run Homer, of Cradley, level, 80yds or 100yds, for £25 a side, or any part, and run in a month.

HE WAS WELL CLOTHED.

REV. SIR GEORGE FETHERSTONE, formerly of Piddle-Trenthide, Dorset, and now of Talbot Leigh, Bournemouth, defended an action brought against him at the Bournemouth County Court, April 13, by Thomas Davies. Thomas is a minor, and sued through his next-of-kin. He claimed the sum of £98 1s. 7d., money paid, and wages due. Mr. M'Casbie, who pleaded the youth's case, said that his client had been in the employment of the Rev. Sir George Fetherstone, Bart., a wealthy clergyman, and in 1892 and 1894 became so useful that he filled the office almost of a private secretary, agent, and factotum to him. He received £100 a year and his keep, and was greatly trusted by Sir George, being accustomed to pay tradesmen's bills. In April, 1893, he was dismissed by Sir George's Irish agent. There was nothing to justify the dismissal. The plaintiff's claim was for wages due, for various sums paid to tradesmen, and a donation to some sports. Davies was examined, and said he had been in Sir George's employ for six years, and was now twenty years of age. Sir George always gave him £100 a year and his clothes. He looked after the household accounts, paid the bills, and gave all the orders. When he was dismissed he had £272 in Elliot's Bank, and £20 in the Dorchester Bank. He had also

Lent Some of Money

amounting to £80. Sir George gave him a pony—not a racehorse.—Mr. Trevanion: Have you not drawn from Sir George on an average something like £200 a month to pay £44 10s a month.—Plaintiff: Certainly not. Continuing, he said that between January and May Sir George had paid him £894, but he had paid out a lot of accounts and county court summonses.—Mr. Trevanion, in further cross-examination, asked the plaintiff how many suits Sir George used to buy him in a year.—Plaintiff: About sixty.—Mr. Trevanion: What was the amount paid for boots?—Plaintiff: About £40.—His Honour, in summing up, referred to the extremely eccentric character of the baronet, whom he described as almost a lunatic. The plaintiff had, however, certainly succeeded in feathering his own nest, and he could not quite see how the plaintiff could have got all the money he had in his bank-book honestly. The jury retired, but being unable to agree they were discharged.

HE KISSED HER SLIPPER.

An Infatuated Lover Pays Tribute to a Music-Hall Performer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EVERY female performer on the stage has a following who are in no way backward in lauding up the object of their admiration. The music-hall singer, or the girl who wears abbreviated skirts in a ballet and displays shapely limbs, probably turns the heads of more brainless chaps than any other class. We occasionally hear of the young ladies marrying into rich and respected families, and the brainless chaps are then ostracised by relatives; friends they can always find so long as they have a sovereign or two to assist the set who tolerate their company.

One of our prominent singers is blessed with the attentions of several young men well up socially and of considerable means, and one in particular vows that he fairly worships the dirt she walks upon. He permitted his feelings to go at a rapid pace the other day, because, on entering the lady's dressing-room, he perceived the slippers his adored one had worn. He sprang forward, passed the dressing-maid, and, grasping the foot-gear, imprinted kisses upon the soles, and placing his left hand on his heart, he gave vent to his feelings.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing THE MIRROR OF LIFE you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

STAGE TALK.



Mlle. Jane May, announced as "The Creator of 'L'Enfant Prodigieux,'" made her first appearance on the English music hall stage at the Tivoli, April 9, in a performance which is described on the bills as "a monomime," entitled "Mr. et Mme. Pierrot." The monomime must more correctly be described as a duomime, for in its enactment Mlle. Jane May impersonates the character of both Mme. and M. Pierrot, by an indulgence in the tricks of once popular quick change artists. Mlle. Jane May is an excellent pantomimist, and follows her monomime with a song and an imitation of Sara Bernhardt.

The London correspondent of the *New York Sun*, in a cable dated March 31, says:—"The reported marriage of Lord Francis Henry Hope, the presumptive Duke of Newcastle, to May Yohe, the American actress, cannot be verified. The *Windsor Peerage* is responsible for the statement that such a marriage has taken place, but the announcement lacks the elements of verisimilitude, in that it is not accompanied by the usual details as to the date and place of the ceremony. Miss Yohe, who is still performing at the Lyric Theatre, emphatically denies the statements of the *Peerage*, although it is said that she gave her friends to understand a year ago that she was the wife of the man whose name is now matrimonially coupled with hers. The relations of Lord Francis Hope and Miss Yohe have been no secret for some time, but the report of their marriage is not generally believed."

The following is the cast of characters in the comedy-drama to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, commencing Saturday, April 21:—

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.
JAMES J. CORBETT,
Presenting CHAR. T. VINCENT and WM. A. BRADY'S
Successful Comedy-Drama, in Five Acts, entitled,
"GENTLEMAN JACK."
Produced and Managed by
WM. A. BRADY.

COST OF CHARACTERS.
Jack Royden (a college student, better known as "Gentleman Jack") Mr. James J. Corbett
Joseph Royden (Jack's father, a tramp, under the assumed name of Joe Blake) Mr. Wm. A. Brady
Mr. Halliday (Banker) Mr. Ben Hendricks
George Halliday (his son) Mr. Cuyler Hastings
Bat Houston (Champion Boxer of Texas) Mr. John Donaldson
Schuyler Southgate (a tender young person) Mr. Jay Wilson
Tom Carlton (Jack's friend) Mr. Chas. Collins
Maxey Splash (a fireman and retired Prize-Fighter) Mr. John McVey
Manager Short (of the Madison Square Roof Garden) Mr. J. H. Wren
Special Officer of the Roof Garden Mr. Fred M. Harrison
Waiter at the Roof Garden Mr. Burt Tuckman
President of the Olympic Club, New Orleans Mr. Dan Sawyer
Captain of Police Mr. Andrew Hayne
Alice Saunders (Betrothed to Jack) Miss Georgie Esmond
Polly Graham (the Village Belle) Miss Sadie McDonald
Mrs. Royden (Jack's Mother) Miss Roberta Erskine
Mrs. Morriarity (an apple woman) Mr. Bud Woodthorpe
Tottio Splash (a Music-hall Artist) Miss Florrie West
College Attendants, Bank Clerks, Waiters, Policemen, Visitors to the Roof Gardens, Members of the Olympic Club, Patrons of the Olympic Club, by numerous auxiliaries.

Mr. WILLIAM DELANE, who has trained and seconded Mr. CORBETT for every battle he has ever engaged in, will appear in company with the Champion in Act IV. and V.
Mr. CORBETT'S Trained Collie Dogs, BEAT and OLLIE, appear in Act IV.

SYNOPSIS.
ACT I.—The Campus at Payne College.
ACT II.—The Halliday National Bank, New York.
ACT III.—The Madison Square Roof Garden, New York. During this Act the following specialties will be introduced:—
FLORRIE WEST and SADIE McDONALD, Songs, Dances, African Characterizations. The Celtic Wit.
MR. ROBERT GAYLOR, "An Irishman you meet every day."
ACT IV.—Training Quarters at Loch Arbour.
ACT V.—Olympic Club, New Orleans.
This stage setting is an exact reproduction of the Olympic Club, New Orleans, U.S.A., from instantaneous photographs taken the day of the CORBETT-SULLIVAN Contest. Referee, WM. A. BRADY.

BOB GAYLOR, who appears in the Madison Square Garden Scene, in "Gentleman

Jack," is conceded to be the cleverest Irish comedian in the States, and somewhat similar to Dan Leno in his actions. Miss Florrie West is not unknown to the patrons of music halls in the United Kingdom, whilst many others of the company are said to be possessed of ability which will enable them to become decided favourites in England.

DURING the third act, Corbett introduces gymnasium scenes and goes through exercises of wrestling with John McVey, and also indulges in punching a suspended ball, which is quite a novelty here. It affords the spectators an opportunity of judging the champion's marvellous agility and hitting power.

It is in the fifth act where he is supposed to defeat his rival in a boxing bout and the scene is an exact reproduction of the Olympic Club of New Orleans. It will afford the English public an opportunity of knowing just how the famous glove contests have been conducted in the States, and with the ingenuity of Manager Brady, the scene will be unique and a decided novelty in this country.

THE late Marquis of Ailesbury, like the modern Yankee pugilists, had aspirations to appear upon the stage. Four years ago he had in contemplation a scheme to organise a Variety Troupe composed of broken-down members of the aristocracy having in view three bankrupt baronets. His idea was to make a tour of the United States where the "performers" hoped to recoup their finances by securing in marriage some of the wealthy females of America who are in search of a man who possesses a British title. The scheme was not a practical one, and never was brought into tangible shape.

MISS Cissie Lortus has had offers of renewal of engagement from Mr. George Edwardes for the Gaiety, but has accepted an engagement from Mr. Charles Morton to open at the Palace.

THERE is a probability of Mr. Henry Dixey, the American comedian, shortly paying a return visit to London with a new piece, in which he will introduce eccentric imitations of Paderewski, Lottie Collins, and others before the public.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.



THE creditors of George Fitzclarence, who is allowed by his father, the Earl of Munster, £200 per annum, accepted at Brighton a composition of 7s. 6d. in the pound. The liabilities are nearly £800.

SENTENCE of six months' imprisonment was passed at Birmingham on George Campbell, who while being shown over apartments stole jewels belonging to Miss Eva Westlake, an actress then playing at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred the other day in the steel works at Pomeroy, Ohio. Six hundred pounds of white hot metal fell, and four men were burned to death. Six others were seriously injured, one having an arm burnt off, while another lost the sight of both eyes.

THE late Marquis of Ailesbury took his banishment from the Turf very quietly. He was now and again seen at race-meetings, and at one gathering, a few months ago, he was very fortunate. Like the late Mr. Abington, he was popular with the boxing fraternity, and was no mean performer with his fists.

GEORGE THOMAS, 29, and John Rogers, 30, professional burglars and safe-breakers, who have committed robberies all over the Midlands, and were described as "the terror of the jewellery district," were sentenced at Birmingham to seven and six years' penal servitude respectively for having broken into a country house. They were caught in the act of breaking the safe.

It is stated that Lord Ailesbury made his will as recently as six weeks ago. At the time of his death he was in receipt of an allowance of £20 a week from a West End financier. Dorothy, Marchioness of Ailesbury, is at present living in Sloane

Street, and, it is believed, the question of her dower out of her husband's estates upon which Lord Iveagh's offer to purchase Savernake was withdrawn will be settled.

EARL RUSSELL, who will be remembered as respondent in a sensational and unsuccessful divorce suit about two years ago, was served while entering a train at Paddington Station with a petition for restitution of conjugal rights on behalf of his wife. In view of the extraordinary charges brought against her husband on the former occasion, and their dismissal by the jury who tried the case, the result of a petition for restitution will be awaited in legal circles with no small amount of interest. Earl Russell intends to resist the petition.

MR. GORDON BENNETT's decision to purchase the Yacht *Vigilant* and bring her to Cowes in time for this season's racing will be hailed with the greatest satisfaction by all yachtsmen. Keen as was the interest felt last season in the performances of the *Navahoe*, the career of the *Vigilant* in English waters will probably be watched with even greater attention, and the knotty point whether the English craft are equal to the American representative boats, under the conditions attached to English yacht racing, may now be settled. Lord Brassey's steam yacht *Sunbeam* has arrived at Cowes from her foreign cruise.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT in ocean navigation is to be attempted by a Nottingham enthusiast who has been occupying himself for a year past with the construction of a boat in which he proposes to cross the Atlantic during the forthcoming summer. The vessel, which is built of iron, and is entirely of his own design and make, is only 10ft 6in long, with 3ft beam and 2ft 6in depth, and is thus the smallest craft that has ever attempted such an adventurous voyage. It has what is known as a "whaleback" deck, and the cabin, lighted by glass windows at the side, will be completely watertight when closed, fresh air being obtained by pipes. Should the tiny craft be overturned, the inventor claims that it will automatically right itself. She will be fitted with a 10ft mast from the fore deck with jib and mainsail, and additional motive power will be supplied by a geared handcrew. The navigator intends to start from Nottingham, sailing down the Trent to Hull, and making for the Atlantic by way of the English Channel. He expects that the trip will occupy him something over a month.

A TERRIBLE story of neglect, starvation, and brutality was unfolded at the Hackney Coroner's Court, April 12, where an inquest was held on the body of a child named Kendrick, whose parents lived at 4, Dunn Street, Dalston. The mother left her husband some years ago and went to live with a farrier named Beckett, who was the father of three of her children. The man had brutally ill-treated and neglected her. He gave her only a few pence every day, and was generally drunk and brutal in his behaviour. She had pawned her clothes and boots in order to provide food for the children, and her landlady had assisted her; but the doctor's evidence showed that the youngest died from sheer neglect and starvation. Constable Gunns went to the house on March 28, and found only an ounce of treacle and a few crusts of bread in the woman's room. She told the coroner's jury that she had seen Beckett in a public-house with another woman on April 10, and the following day. A warrant for his arrest was issued, at the suit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.—The jury found a verdict of "manslaughter" against the man Beckett, who had neglected both the woman and the children, and he was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.

MRS. ADA GALLAWAY, of 22, Portman street, Portman Square, told a remarkable story at Marylebone Police Court the other day. She said that when her husband, Captain James Harmer Pritchard Gallaway, R.N., married her in 1890, she was possessed of £4,000, and he refused to contribute towards the expenses of their establishment until he had got rid of all her money and jewellery, and then he deserted her. That was on May 3, 1892. Three months before the desertion he had a mortgage on a reversion of between £7,000 and £10,000, so that she would not be able to recover any of her money. He also went to the Admiralty and tried to get his pension commuted. When he left her, she and her little daughter were in strange lodgings. They were so penniless that she had to go and stay with her mother. After she obtained a decree from Sir Francis Jeune, her little daughter was most cruelly scalded and murdered.—Mr. Cooke, the magistrate, advised the complainant to consult her solicitor, Sir George Lewis, and have her grievances settled in the High Court, where proceedings had already been commenced. He adjourned the summons for one month on that understanding, and directed that the captain should send his wife a sovereign a week for the next four weeks.

SEEN AND HEARD.



A CLOUD of steam caused a panic in a school at Chicago, April 9. In rushing to the door 400 children got wedged in a mass. Many were trodden down, one boy being killed, and several others badly injured.

A WIDOW named Leech, eighty-four, has been found drowned in the baptistery of the Baptist Chapel at Otley, Suffolk, of which she had been caretaker. It is assumed that when cleaning the baptistery she fell into the water.

THE action by the Royal Bank of Scotland against Beresford Loftus Tottenham to recover the value of a cheque for £250, made payable to the late Cyril Hambrough, resulted in judgment for plaintiff.

MR. Justice Wills stayed execution with the view to an appeal.

ON April 10, at Bow Street, Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, appeared to an adjourned summons for maintenance, at the suit of his wife. Mr. Brand, for Mr. Murray, consented to an order for 30s. per week. Mr. Yelverton, for Mrs. Murray, accepted the offer, and an order was made accordingly.

A YOUNG woman named Kate Price was charged at Newcastle with stealing £200 worth of jewellery. She was taken into custody at Cardiff, but made her escape at Birmingham Railway Station. She was, however, re-arrested in London and given up to Newcastle police-officers at Bow Street. The Bench remanded her for a week.

TEN THOUSAND workmen in Chicago, U.S.A., have been locked out by their employers for refusing to sever their connection with perambulating delegates and professional agitators. It was expected that 60,000 men would be locked out, but there was a want of harmony among the employers, and they failed to carry out the agreement in its entirety.

HENRY WRIGHT, a gentlemanly-looking man, was out on a ticket-of-leave. He had been sent to penal servitude for three years for passing worthless cheques, and had failed to report himself after release. A sharp policeman found him out, and it is said that he had availed of his liberty to swindle others. He will finish his former term, and then meet new charges.

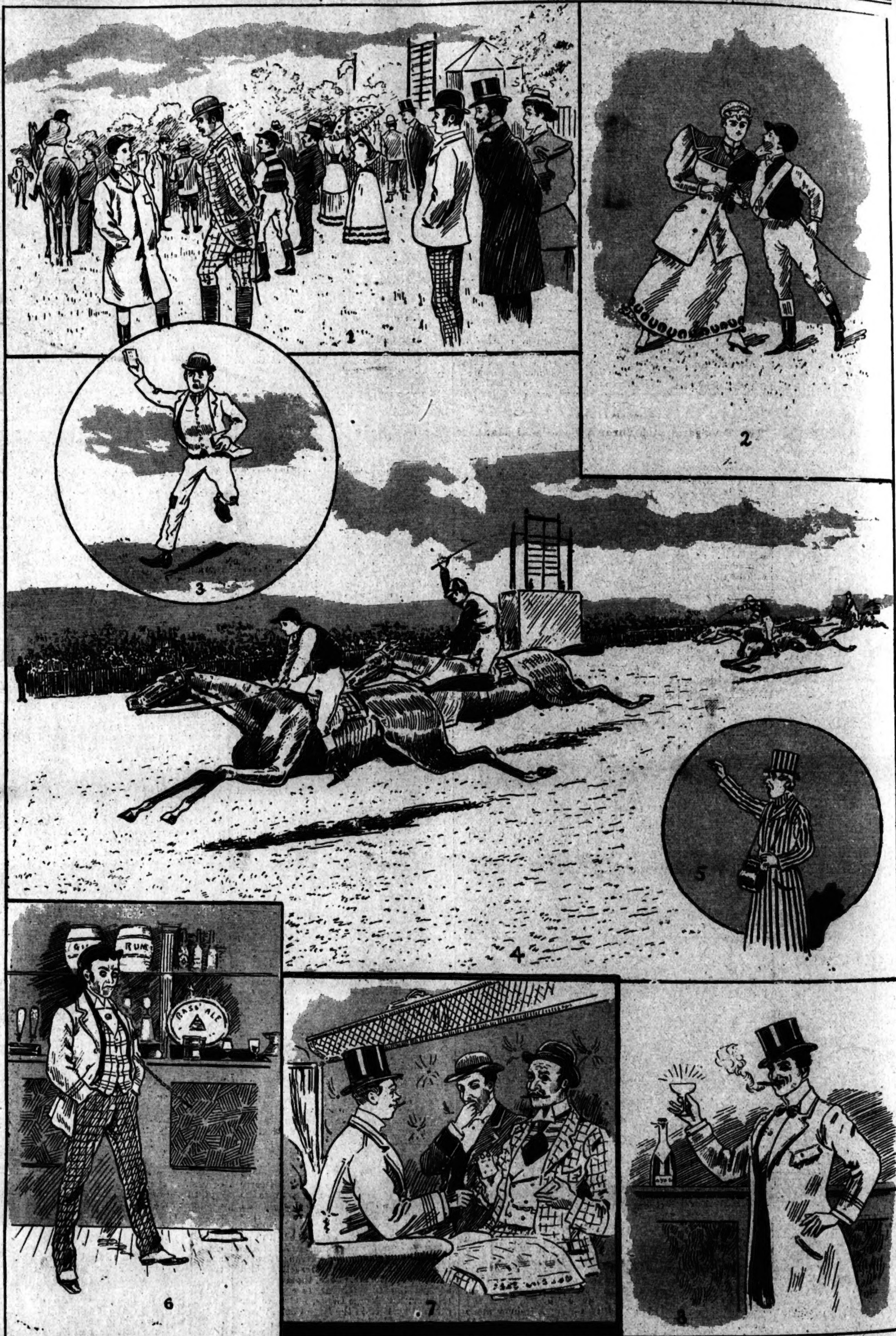
THE petition of Mr. Gwynne-Vaughan, a Welsh farmer, was, on April 10, dismissed in the Divorce Court.

THE jury said they were all agreed that Dr. Griffiths had not committed adultery with Mrs. Gwynne-Vaughan, nor she with him. The charges of cruelty were then withdrawn by the wife with the view of being taken back by her husband.

LORD Coleridge gave Dr. Griffiths and respondent their costs.

SIR PETER EDLIN sentenced John Oliver Brown, of Newington Causeway, to three years' penal servitude for obtaining money by false pretences. He advertised himself as a moneylender and exacted "inquiry fees" and other preliminary expenses without ever making any loan. The police stated that prisoner had been swindling people systematically for years, and that they had received hundreds of complaints against him.

HERE are a few of the suicides which occurred in Paris on one day: A domestic servant threw herself from a fifth-floor window in the Boulevard des Courcelles on account of family troubles. A marble mason committed suicide by drowning himself in the Seine. A young man became tired of life at the age of seventeen, and hanged himself in a lighter moored at the Quai Valmy. Another unknown man took a cab, and while being driven to the address he had given, shot himself while passing along the Rue Fevres. An elderly woman living in the Plaine Monceau quarter tied her child to herself and then jumped from the sixth-floor window to the ground. The child was instantly killed by the fall, and the woman was so badly injured that she died shortly after.



SCENES AT THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

1. In the Paddock. 2. A Sure Tip. 3. "Race Card." 4. On the Homestretch. 5. "Ready Money Bookey." 6. His Last Penny Lost. 7. Catching a Mug. 8. A Winner Drinks Wine.



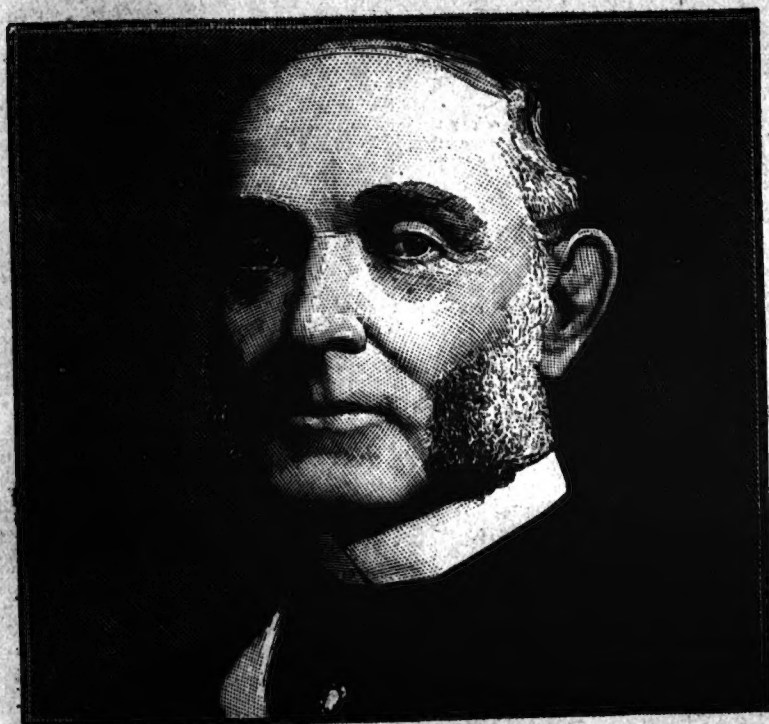
WILLIAM A. BRADY.

The Energetic and Shrewd Theatrical Manager who has made Corbett Famous.



MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT.

Life-Partner of the Champion Pugilist.



SIR ROBERT JARDINE.

A Gentleman Sportsman and Turf Patron.



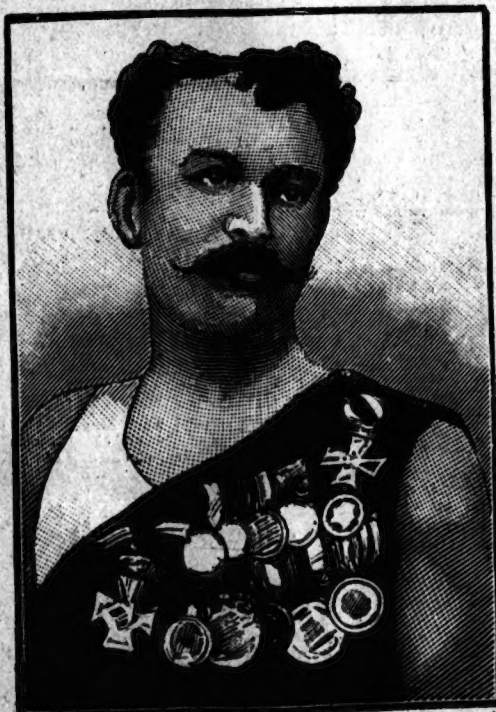
DAN LENO.

A Favourite Comedian and Music Hall Artist.



JEM MACE.

The Last of England's Ring Champions



PROFESSOR ATTILA.

The Professor of Physical Culture who has Developed Many Strong Men.



DEATH OF LORD AILESURY.

Sad End of a Wasted and Blighted Career.

AROUND THE RING.

CORBETT'S PLAY.

SUCCESS ASSURED.

EYLES DEFEATS BUTLER.

Manager Fleming's Superb Meeting.

Interesting Contests Decided.

Matches for the Future



JAMES J. CORBETT makes his debut at the Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday, April 21, in a play called "Gentleman Jack." According to the American papers the champion is considered an actor of considerable talent, irrespective of his boxing abilities. He will be supported by a first-class company of English and American artists. Those who are coming here from across the big pond include Bob Gaylor, a clever Irish comedian; Billy Delaney, John Donaldson, and John McVey, who appear in conjunction with Corbett in the boxing scene; Cuyler Hastings, who portrays the part of the villain; Ben Henricks, the low comedy; Jay Wilson, light comedy part, and Joseph Eagen and Burt Tucman as utility men. Two prominent soubrettes, Sadie McDonald and Florrie West are features of the foreign talent. Manager Brady does a turn, too, in taking the part of Corbett, sen., in the play.

GEORGIE ESMOND, Robertha Erskine, and J. C. Collins will comprise the home talent engaged to appear. The play is now in course of rehearsal, and by Saturday everything will be in working order for the opening performance. How long the Drury Lane engagement will last is difficult to say, because the length of time will be governed in part by the result of the negotiations for the battle with Peter Jackson.

It is hardly probable that Corbett will fight before September, because he is desirous of taking some recreation from training, and regards acting more of a pleasure than actual labour.

THE sale of tickets for the opening performances was begun April 9, and it is claimed that the demand for seats was greater than ever experienced at the National place of amusements since it was first opened.

If the advance sale is any criterion "Gentleman Jack" will be a rousing success, and is doomed for a long run. "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett, Champion of the World," will be on sale at the theatre during each performance at a shilling each. The book contains excellent portraits of all the men whom Corbett has met, also a graphic description of his battles with Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, and Charles Mitchell by rounds, with illustrations. It is complete up to date, and embodies much information valuable to those interested in prize-ring matters.

An extract from the author's introduction states that: "The advance in pugilism in the nineteenth century has indeed been a remarkable one, not only for an improvement in the art of science, but as regards the character of the men who follow the profession as a means of livelihood. Battles have become more of a humane order, and the same class of people who patronised the 'game' in the eighteenth century are the most ardent admirers of the pugilist of modern times. Probably the handsomest, most gentlemanly, and best educated exponent of the manly art, who has attained the premiership of the world in his class, is James John Corbett."

"He is endowed with a magnificent physique, a pleasing countenance, and an education which is a credit to any man. Unlike most men who have pursued the ring for a living, Corbett's highest ambition is to move in the best of society, with a propensity to some legitimate business as an ultimate means of existence. Corbett, as a boxer, is of the most finished order, being graceful in his attitude in the most trying moments of a battle, and his superior intelligence enables him to time his every move, and bring into play every conceivable requisite of science to the best possible advantage."

"His early education and habits of life has enabled him to figure prominently in the social walks of life. Both in and out of the ring he conducts himself as a gentleman, and commands the respect of everyone with whom he is thrown in contact."

CORBETT comes here with an excellent record as a gentleman and a champion, and will be welcomed by all true English sportsmen.

WHEN Champion Corbett called on Detective Crawford at the police headquarters in Cincinnati, March 30, they had quite a friendly argument as to the accuracy of measuring the human frame according to what is known as the Bertillon system, and it finally terminated in Corbett's measurements being taken. The following day Chief of Police Deutsch ordered Corbett's measurements placed on record in the Rogues' Gallery, along with those of thieves, cut-throats, and murderers. This was in accordance with a rule of the Police Department, which compels all Bertillon measurements to go on record. Corbett entered a protest, but it did no good.

ONE of the most interesting battles ever decided within the domains of the National Sporting Club was brought to a decision on April 9. The principals were Walter Eyles, of Islington, and Walter Butler, of Paddington, who were to contest the best of twenty rounds for £25 a-side, and an added purse of £30. They were restricted to 9st 9lb each in weight, and both weighed in two pounds below the limit. Eyles is 5ft 9in tall, and built more on the greyhound principle, being long and lean. Butler is 4ft 11in shorter than the Islington man. Previous to the battle Butler ruled a favourite in the betting at odds of 6 to 4 on. For the first two rounds Butler was the aggressor, and kept pegging away at Eyles, who was content to confine his efforts to left-hand blows on the face. During the third round Butler got in with both hands in good shape on the body, and for his temerity, he received a right-hander on the side of the head which brought him down. Butler took advantage of the best portion of the ten seconds, and rose just as time was called. In the fourth round Butler recovered, and, with good judgment, kept out of range of his lanky rival. The fifth round found Eyles was the aggressor, and using his long left hand in good fashion, he landed some telling shots on the face. Butler, however, never flinched, and in the next round he stood up and mixed it so gamely that Eyles appeared the weaker man of the two as they went to their corners. The eighth was a rare gruelling bout. Both men fought in the most determined fashion, and it was anybody's battle all through. Butler would have the first blow, and as fast as Eyles knocked him away, the shorter man returned to the charge, and so well did he go in the last few seconds, that it looked as though his persistent attack would meet with its reward. The stubborn nature of the contest underwent no change in the ninth round, and both men were about fought to a standstill at the finish. The tenth, however, saw a change in the state of affairs. When Eyles got home left and right on the head. Before Butler could get away the taller put in some more heavy two-handed work, and just as the watch-holder gave the order for a rest Eyles nearly turned his man round with a hit on the jaw. Butler's splendid condition and wonderful recuperative powers enabled him to take the middle again in good shape, and the way he hustled Eyles about for a long time was simply wonderful. Half-way through the thirteenth bout, however, the tall man landed a stinging right on the point. Butler got to one knee, but here he remained for eight seconds. Rising he was very groggy but game to the backbone. Eyles tried his utmost to finish the business, but though he rained blows on the little man, Butler would not go out. The end came, however, in the fourteenth. For a little while Butler held his own. Eyles, however, forced matters, and finally sent Butler down with a heavy blow. He was unable to rise within the prescribed ten seconds, and Eyles was declared the winner. Manager Fleming put on several interesting preliminary bouts, which were well contested.

THE programme at the Raglan Music Hall, April 9, called for two six, one eight, and one twelve round contests for purses. The principal bout was the one of twelve rounds for a £30 purse between Harry Webster, of King's Cross, and Charley Tilley, of Somers' Town, and it was well contested throughout, Webster displaying form good enough for the front ranks in his class. For the first four rounds Webster was content to resort almost entirely to the use of his left, and this he did to good advantage. Tilley showed excellent generalship, but was unable to avoid the well-directed blows of his antagonist. A nasty blow on the neck early in the fifth round did Tilley no good, and after a severe rally he fell back on the ropes. He quickly recovered himself, but till the end of the bout he had to content himself with acting on the defensive. Several times in the sixth round Webster had his rival at his mercy, but somehow or other he did not

seem able to take advantage of them, and the consequence was that Tilley was enabled to secure a much needed rest. At the end of half the contest, however, the King's Cross representative had secured a big lead, and it really seemed as if Tilley's chances were confined to effecting a knock-out. After being given a good rest Tilley now and again managed to get in one or two good blows, but was unable to get on equal terms with Webster, who, at the end of round twelve, was declared the winner.

In the six-round battles, Tom Turner got the verdict over Tom Rutt, and Harry Callan was declared loser in his meeting with Ginger Stewart.

C. Meacock, of Bloomsbury, and Ted Daley, of Leather Lane, were the contestants for honours in the eight-round match. Daley had the best of the opening rounds, but his burly antagonist gradually got down to stiff work, and at the end was far enough in front to be entitled to the award—a verdict which Daley failed to accept with good grace.

STANTON ABBOTT will probably be referred to in the future as an American, since he has filed papers to the effect that he will swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes when the proper time arrives. Should he express disappointment when he learns that his proposed bout with Martin Denny is off, it will be due to his own actions. His demand for an exorbitant purse and expense money is hardly in keeping with the English pugilist, even though the Yankees and Australians do assume such a stand.

MARTIN DENNY is now matched to meet Bill Eyles at the National Sporting Club the latter part of next month, and the bout is sure to be an interesting one. Denny came here with a brilliant record from the Colonies, and, though his first bout in London didn't elicit much enthusiasm or create for him many admirers, he is withal a tip-topper, and when he faces the Islington lad he will come pretty close to displaying his real form.

CABLE advices are to the effect that Abbott met Owen Ziegler, a local scrapper, in a six-round bout at Philadelphia, April 7, and though Abbott had all the best of it throughout, the referee declared it a draw, which announcement was met with hisses from the audience.

ABBOTT declares he is Champion of England at his weight—9st 6lb—and appears put out with Arthur Valentine claiming that distinction, and questions Valentine's right to premier honours of this country. When Abbott went to the States he was conceded the best man at his weight, but he should not overlook the fact that men are capable of improving on their form. Valentine is a much improved man, and when he stands up before Abbott he will convince the public of the fact, too. We do not claim that Valentine would easily defeat Abbott, but we do say that he would toe the scratch and give a stronger argument for the honours than Mr. Abbott is aware of.

CHARLEY KELLY, the Yankee 7st 12lb pugilist, should have come here when first requested and made a match with the clever Sheffield lad, George Corfield. If he could defeat the Sheffielder he could have made quite a pot of money. Now, if he should come he will find the "gates" barred to him, for the present at least, because Corfield has made a match to box Bill Moore, of Kingsland, the best of twenty rounds, with four-ounce gloves, for £50 a-side and the gate receipts. As per agreement made they will meet at the Drill Hall, Sheffield, Monday, May 21, and of the receipts of admission two-thirds fall to the share of the winner and the remaining third to the defeated man. The men are restricted to 7st 12lb each in weight at noon on the day set for the battle.

At Bill Lee's gymnasium, at Bermondsey, April 9, Frank Oates, of Deptford, and G. Dixon, of Rotherhithe, essayed to box eight rounds, but at the call of time in the first they went at each other regardless of science, and indulged in a heavy slugging match; Oates brought his man down with a right-hander on the neck. He quickly arose, but was floored again, being nearly out when time was called. With the rest Dixon came round, and paying no attention to defence he banged away with both hands. Oates followed suit, and the punishment on both sides was heavy. Dixon, however, was the first to give way, leaving off at the end of the third round.

YOUNG GILLYO, the Australian pugilist, has outgrown the feather-weight limit since he "struck the land of plenty," and it is claimed he can't get below 9st in weight. This, however, does not scare John T. Griffin, the 8st 8lb pugilist, who has been hankering for a finish fight with Dixon, the black, and the pair are to meet at catch-weight in an eight-round contest at Boston, April 23, for the gate receipts.

NED JAMES, of New York, one of the old time sporting writers, has figured up an interesting summary giving the ages of the leading old time pugilists on their next

birthday. Tom Mace will be 63, Dooney Harris 53, Bayney Aaron 53, Louis Belra 75, Phil Clare 69, Nobby Clark 52, Sam Collyer 52, Tommy Chandler 52, Australian Kelly 65, Johnny Keating 51, Ned Price 62, George Rooke 52, Patsy Sheppard 47, Tommy Kelly 56, Tim Collins 47, Billy Edwards 50, Tom Allen 55, Arthur Chambers 47, Ben Hogan 57, Abe Hicken 52. All of the above-named have appeared in the American prize ring, and at last advices, April 2, 1894, were alive and well.

HARRY WELDON, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., says: "Corbett has no belt emblematical of the championship of America by right of his victory over John L. Sullivan. He does not care to be an advertising champion for a paper or anything else. In this respect he is like the man from whom he won the championship, for Sullivan never had a belt until it was presented to him by a number of his friends and admirers."

JOHN BOYLE, of Glasgow, will no doubt be Valentine's next customer, and if he displays superiority over the Scotchman, then he can find as much backing as he chooses for a meeting with Abbott, or any man at even weight, whether he be an Englishman, Yankee, or Australian.

JOHN RYAN, of St. Helens, and Willie Smith, of London, have arranged to box the best of twenty rounds, at 8st 5lb in weight each, on May 21, for £100 a side and the largest purse offered.

THE Burge-Nickless match is set for May 4, when the men box with 4oz gloves to a finish, according to the Marquis of Queensberry, for £200 a-side and a purse of £200. Of the purse money the winner will receive £175 and the loser £25.

SOME of the pugilists who used to rank amongst the good ones, but have passed the stages of usefulness, have departed from active service and blossomed forth as managers of boxing contests. Sam Baxter, who proved a terror to many a light weight, conducted a show at Excelesior Baths, Bethnal Green, April 10, when George Newman outboxed Sam Holloway in six rounds. Ginger Berry acknowledged defeat at the hands of Arthur Howard in the eighth round of a ten-round contest, though he put up a rugged battle while it lasted.

DIDO HOPWOOD's attraction at Bethnal Green was an 8st 6lb competition, in which A. Connelly disposed of P. Jackson in the final bout, and G. Chaudler got a verdict over S. Gorbell in a six round battle.

DUMMY WINTERS, the Australian pugilist, wants to go home, but lacks the capital with which to purchase a passage. He hopes to secure sufficient by subscription, and appeals to the fraternity for contributions.

A. UNWIN secured a decision over Joe Jones in an eight-round bout at the Anchor and Hope, Stepney, April 9; whilst H. Atterwell was forced to accept second best in a ten-round battle with Joe Darby for a purse.

DAVE JOE convinced the judges of his superiority over Tommy Dodd in a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shore-ditch, the other night, and was given the purse offered by Tom Symonds.

AN 8st 6lb competition and a six and an eight round contest were the attractions of a sparring entertainment at North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, April 9. In the final bout of the competition Ponk Andrews beat Bill Nolan, while C. Gledhill disposed of Jack Player in the six-round battle, and Charley Rowles proved to be best man over Jack Hart in eight rounds.

A CASE OF COMPULSORY MARRIAGE.

An Irate Parent who Refused to Listen to Reason.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A JUSTICE of the police in the States is never too anxious to perform a marriage ceremony unless he feels sure of receiving a suitable sum of money, but at Bethlehem, Penn., recently, that official was only too happy to comply with the demands of a bridegroom at short notice. It appears that a farmer caught his daughter in a compromising position with a farm-hand, and without parley he drove the couple to the office of a justice of the peace and ordered them to enter and have tied the nuptial knot, intimating that unless his demands were complied with post haste he should be forced to bring his gun into action. He sat outside on the wagon, gun in hand, to see that his orders were obeyed. The justice of the peace informed the couple that they should await his leisure. "Look out yonder window," said the crestfallen young man, "and you will realise why we should be married at once." "Marry the gal, quick!" exclaimed the old man, raising his gun. The official could see the old man meant business, and did as he was requested.

TURF NOTES.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

Esher Stakes.

Sandown Park and Carlisle Anticipations.

GRAND Results of Last Week.

WEATHER permitting, the attendance on Wednesday on the Surrey Downs may be expected to be fully up to the average. The custom to get the distance by road becomes less and less each year; the special facilities of the railways offer a speedier route in reaching, on this eventful day, the busy town of Epsom.

The shuttlecock business in connection with Callistrate will furnish another evil illustration of early acceptance of odds, and ante speculation will lose in favour by the fluctuations in the market, which has been cramped throughout, little being done to support any but the first half-dozen, although something may, at the eleventh hour, prove a strong order.

Le Nicham, since his Lincoln victory, has tightened his hold on the public favour. That he will win this race I consider doubtful, even should he be as fit and well as at Lincoln; good class animals have before this attempted that which he is called upon to perform, and their failures can be counted in double figures as against two or three successes. Callistrate last back-end was considered his superior by Gib; if such be the case it will bar the way to his additional success. Molly Morgan carried her light weight in the Cambridge-shire without trouble, and I fail to see why she should not again render a good account of herself. Nobleman, one of the earliest favourites, will meet her at a much better advantage in the matter of weight, and this son of Quicklime will attempt the feat of his sire, who won the race for Lord Bradford. Convent was seen last week at Warwick, but could not win the Mile Handicap; we have not seen the best of this mare, I feel sure, and her running should not be taken in evidence against her. Victor Wild's party are quiet, but danger on that account may be expected, his owner, a shrewd sportsman, has not miscalculated his chance in allowing him to again oppose Le Nicham; on the last occasion there was little between them, and the penalty should bring them together, and with better fortune at the start I anticipate a reversal of form. Among the lower division Profit and None the Wiser are turned loose, but in this there is little danger. Some weeks ago I took four to represent me, Victor Wild, Callistrate, Cabin Boy, and Grey Leg, and I see no reason to depart from this choice, and shall stand upon these in the order named on Wednesday:—

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

- Victor Wild ... 1.
- Callistrate ... 2.
- Molly Morgan 3.

The Hyde Park Plate will bring out a good field, and Levybub, Patna, and Pet of the Chase opposing

McNell.

the last-named appears best.

In the Copthorne Plate we have Street Singer and a recent winner in Bonds-woman, but I think a mile is further than she cares to travel, and if reserved for this

Back.

will have no trouble to capture it.

The Woodmanstone Plate, with fourteen entries, should be at the mercy of

Reliance.

in whose absence Egyptian will be good goods.

On Thursday at Sandown Park, in the Princess of Wales' Handicap, for Treador I have a slight fancy, but think he will be beaten by

Scoti.

The Guildford Handicap, a trifle over a mile, Garriok with

Bransdale

may supply the winner.

The Sandown Park Two-Year-Old Stakes, eighteen have cried content, leaving the issue to

Bentworth.

who may account for the remainder.

The Tudor Plate of 1,000 sovs. Arons should have a good "try," still, I think, a colt may be found in

Secrity.

in the same interest, to be slightly better. Carlisle Handicap, same day.

Candace.

with Dowie Den, should be well placed.

Lonsdale Plate, the two who, on paper, appear best are

Rose Clark filly

and Ritto, who should furnish the victor. The Netherby Handicap, and, with Macuncas and Flat Fish both well in.

Remittance

will still be a trifle better.

The Solway Plate looks a good thing for Tibble Shieles, St. Germanus being second best, Friday, at Sandown, in the Pall Mall Handicap, Mouton and Hereward will not interfere with

Gay Polly.

who has a chance given here.

The Esher Stakes in once,

Marnavia.

who I know is more than useful. Sarana and Pitcher may find situations. The Walton Two-Year-Old Plate,

Braggart.

to be followed home by Matabele and Stormont.

The Maiden Plate, with its baker's dozen,

Coran.

with Miss Foote filly, reads likely.

The Carlisle Handicap Steeplechase,

Sabraon.

with Beaulieu II., will furnish the first two. An Open Hurdle Race, Golden Oriole,

Mucelana.

may meet the judge's eye; and in the County Open Steeplechase Plate

Mellerstein.

On Saturday, at Sandown, in the Criterion Steeplechase,

Ketteresse.

with Little Jack, should get home; and in the Grand International

Musican.

and Wild Man from Borneo look all right. The Southern National Hunt Flat Race,

Scotch Bride.

and Indian Chief should be hard to beat. And my closing selection in the Great Sandown Hurdle Race,

Lumberer.

may be followed home by Chater and Benburb.

In our last week's issue the indicated winners stood well out to view, the success of Maramat, Spero, Tableau Vivant (8 to 1), and Theseus (10 to 1), with Sardis, Attar, and others were predicted in single selections, thus enabling the reader to see at a glance the actual forecast, and not, like many other Sporting Papers, giving two and three selections in their attempt to arrive at the same results as foretold in these "Notes."

CHALK.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

Scenes and Incidents of the Great Day's Racing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

As regards drawing large crowds the City and Suburban is a strong second to the Derby, and a long way in front of any other racing event in the kingdom, if not the world. To see life in its various stages go to a big event, and there you will find the gentry, sportsman, gambler, tout, the "mug hunter," lady of pleasure, labourer, and mechanic, and last, but not least, the one who visits the course for what he can pilfer from an unsuspecting citizen. They all go to make up the variety, and as variety is what the public most desire, hence the enormous attendance.

In the paddock you will always find the owner or gentry inspecting the appearance of the animals to run before they are saddled; go quietly to some remote spot, and you are very liable to see some favoured female getting from a jockey a sure tip, and that is the tip she will risk her money on at starting price. If the trick comes off she is delighted, and seeks a bit more information, never being content to let well enough alone. No matter where you walk you are pestered to death with "race cards." When the horses are on the home stretch it is then that excitement waxes warm, and everybody shouts whether their favourite is in front or not. The "ready-money bookee," in the silver ring, seldom has a silver ring to his outlandish about of the odds he will lay. He makes you believe that he is a benefactor, throwing his cash away, but in reality he is only baiting for money to round up his book. You can always judge the man who has lost his last penny by his crest-fallen appearance, and he will freely declare that he will never risk another shilling on the uncertainties of a horse race. That same man goes to the next race meeting, and you are sure to find him tempting Dame Fortune with the fortitude of a millionaire. An ancient scheme to secure money from a "mug" is the three card trick. The sharper has several pals who make a sit on a "soft mark," and they work on him in a most assiduous manner until they have "milked" him dry. So long as the world exists there will be "mugs" caught at three cards, because a "mug" is always looking for a sure thing, and three cards apparently offer him what he seeks. A winner always par-takes of wine; it is perfectly natural for him to do so, never thinking that waste of money and an unlucky wager will reverse his fortunes.

"It pains me very much to spank you, Johnny," said his mother with deep feeling, "and I shall have to turn you over to your father. His hands are harder."

"Who is the lady that looks so untidy?" "Oh, she's the one who writes all these ads. about the new soap that removes dirt without work or trouble."

OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY.

BEFORE leaving New York for this country James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, posted to Will J. Davis at Chicago, final stakeholder, the third instalment of 3,000 dols. of the stake money for his match with Peter Jackson. The final deposit is due in May. It will now be necessary for Jackson to come here should he wish to arrive at satisfactory terms as to date and place of contest, because Corbett will remain here all the summer.

THE fourth competition at cricket at Cape Town for the Currie Cup has been concluded. Natal, the Transvaal, Eastern Province, Griqualand West, and Western Province competing. The first four played, the winner to meet the holders, Western Province. Natal beat all, and opposed the Western Province. The latter scored 338, to which Natal responded with 154 and 124, the Western Province winning by an innings and 60 runs and retaining the cup. It was decided to include H. M. Taberer and Mills in the team for England.

FIVE of the best runners in England were contestants in a five miles scratch race at the Ashton Athletic Grounds, Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester, on April 14, the winner of which was to receive a ten-guinea watch. The starters included F. E. Bacon, G. Crossland, H. Watkins, Sid Thomas, and O. Pearce. On being despatched on their journey Crossland cut out the work, followed by Bacon, Watkins, Thomas, and Pearce in the order named, the first quarter being covered in 66sec. This order was maintained for three-quarters of a mile, when Bacon took the lead, and the latter was in front at the end of the first mile (time, 4min 52sec). Shortly afterwards Watkins passed the leader, Bacon, Thomas, and Crossland being close on the heels of the Southern champion, who was first at two miles (10min). Bacon then had another turn at pacemaking, Crossland being well up, with Thomas lying third. The latter varied the order of things by taking the field along to the half-distance, which was done in 12min 38sec, and a lap further Crossland got to the front, doing the three miles in 15min 7sec, Pearce being now some distance in the rear. At three miles and a half the order of running was Crossland, Bacon, and Watkins in close company, Thomas having fallen, 150 yards behind, into fourth place. Watkins again rushed to the front, and at four miles led by a couple of yards (20min 20sec). The Southern champion maintained his lead until the last lap, when Crossland made the pace warm, Bacon lying at the shoulders of the National champion. Two hundred yards from home Bacon made his effort, and a grand race resulted. Try as he would, Crossland could not stick to Bacon, who won by two yards from Crossland, who beat Watkins by eight yards; Thomas was fourth, nearly 300 yards behind Bacon, whilst Pearce stopped half a mile from home. Time, 25min 18 3/5sec.

A TESTIMONIAL was tendered to Ike Booth, otherwise known as Prof. Quickman, at the Alcazar Theatre of Varieties, Manchester, Friday, April 13, and was well attended. Dick Ross and Young King contested the best of six rounds for a prize. King had the best of the first three rounds, but during the following three honours were even, and an extra round was ordered. During the seventh round King clearly outfigured his antagonist and was awarded the victory. Dick Tasker, the beneficiary, and other noted local talent appeared.

THE action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Pollard against Congressman William C. Breckinridge, at Washington, D.C., U.S.A., which has lasted nearly a month, concluded April 14 in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 15,000dols.

A TELEGRAM has been received at Buenos Ayres from Salta which announces the arrival of Miss Freeman, alias Balfour. It is reported that she has brought a sum of money with her.

THE football match between Glasgow, Celtic and Blackburn Rovers has resulted in the death of an old man named Nuttall. He was standing near the Rovers' goal, and was struck on the breast by the ball. He was knocked down and his head struck the goal-post. He became unconscious, and died in a Manchester infirmary of cerebral hemorrhage. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned at the inquest.

GEORGE BUREAR and W. A. Barry (the 1891 Doggett's coat winner) are in training to row from Putney to Mortlake on Monday, April 23, starting at 3 p.m. The final deposit is due on April 18, at the Rutland Hotel, Hammersmith.

Sam Emmett and George Burear are matched to row the championship course in best boats on Monday, May 7.

It is reported that Duke Robert of Parma, father of Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has met with an accident. He was walking in the grounds of his castle

at Schwarzenau, when he was suddenly attacked by a reebuck, and rather seriously injured in the hand.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Newmarket, says: "Just tell the readers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that when the City and Suburban is called for decision Molly Morgan will be on the course fit and well, and should come pretty near supplying the winner. If Molly don't pull off the trick then I'm no judge of horseflesh. In the first three Xury will show his nose, at least, so I think."

LOVE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

How Two Utilised One Deck Chair.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"TALK about love on the ocean wave," said a late arrival from the States, "we had a fair sample on the trip over. From the time the steamer lost sight of land till we reached Liverpool there was a couple on board who were constantly on deck, hardly losing sufficient time to devour their meals. There is nothing strange about a couple being on deck, but it did get sickening to see them cuddled up on one deck chair spooning from sunrise till late at night. The lady appeared to be in her teens, whilst the 'softy' who 'spooned' to her so persistently was not a day short of 45 years of age. It is said the pair are well known in New York society, and were eloping to this country. Maybe the rumour is correct; if so, sensational reports are about due."

NOT BASHFUL IN CHICAGO.

THE stranger at the hotel approached the typewriter girl stationed in the reading-room and said, with some embarrassment:—

"I want to send a letter to a man in Milwaukee, and I haven't time to sit down and write it. It wouldn't take you more than two or three minutes to click it off from my dictation, would it?"

"No, sir."

"An' that's what you're here for, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"The—the man I want to write to has played me a scurvy trick in a business transaction, and I want to use some pretty strong language. I didn't know whether—whether you would—"

"I guess the machine can stand it," said the typewriter girl, with a yawn. "Fire away."

**SEND AT ONCE.
SEND AT ONCE.**

The Champion's Wires read on

MONDAY.

GLENLOCH and ELLA TWEED.

GLENLOCH and ELLA TWEED.

TUESDAY.

DUMBARTON and GOLD REEF.

DUMBARTON and GOLD REEF.

WEDNESDAY.

TABLEAU VIVANT (8 to 1) and

MOUNTEAGLE.

TABLEAU VIVANT (8 to 1) and

MOUNTEAGLE.

THURSDAY.

THESEUS (10 to 1) and ATTAR.

THESEUS (10 to 1) and ATTAR.

FRIDAY.

SWEET AUBURN and SIMONBURN.

SWEET AUBURN and SIMONBURN.

SATURDAY.

LOTTIE COLLINS and KING OF

DIAMONDS.

LOTTIE COLLINS and KING OF

DIAMONDS.

More Gems from Epsom, Sandown,

and Carlisle.

Only One Class, Two Horses Daily,

NEVER MORE.

C. T., being in great form, feels confident his selected will win the City and Suburban to-day, and at Sandown Park on Thursday he will hit the mark. His Friday's Nap in the Esher Stakes should not be missed, as it cannot lose, and expecting a busy week consequent upon his recent good fortune, clients therefore are advised to send early, thus saving delay and disappointment. All those who have not yet tried his invincible Wires or Overnight Letters cannot do better than immediately post him instructions, and be placed on his books for a few good things.

COUPON FOR CHRIS. TEMPLE.

EPSOM, SANDOWN, AND CARLISLE.

Sir,—Please send me Wire for your

Selected Special, for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address in full.....

Send P.O. 2s. 6d. for single wire; 5s. two days, and 10s. weekly. Letters weekly 5s. to

**CHRIS. TEMPLE,
137, MORLEY AVENUE
WOOD GREEN, N.**



LOST HIS FRONT TEETH.

The Plight of a Man who Boasted of a Big Mouth.



A CASE OF COMPULSORY MARRIAGE.

An Irate Parent who Refused to Listen to Reason.



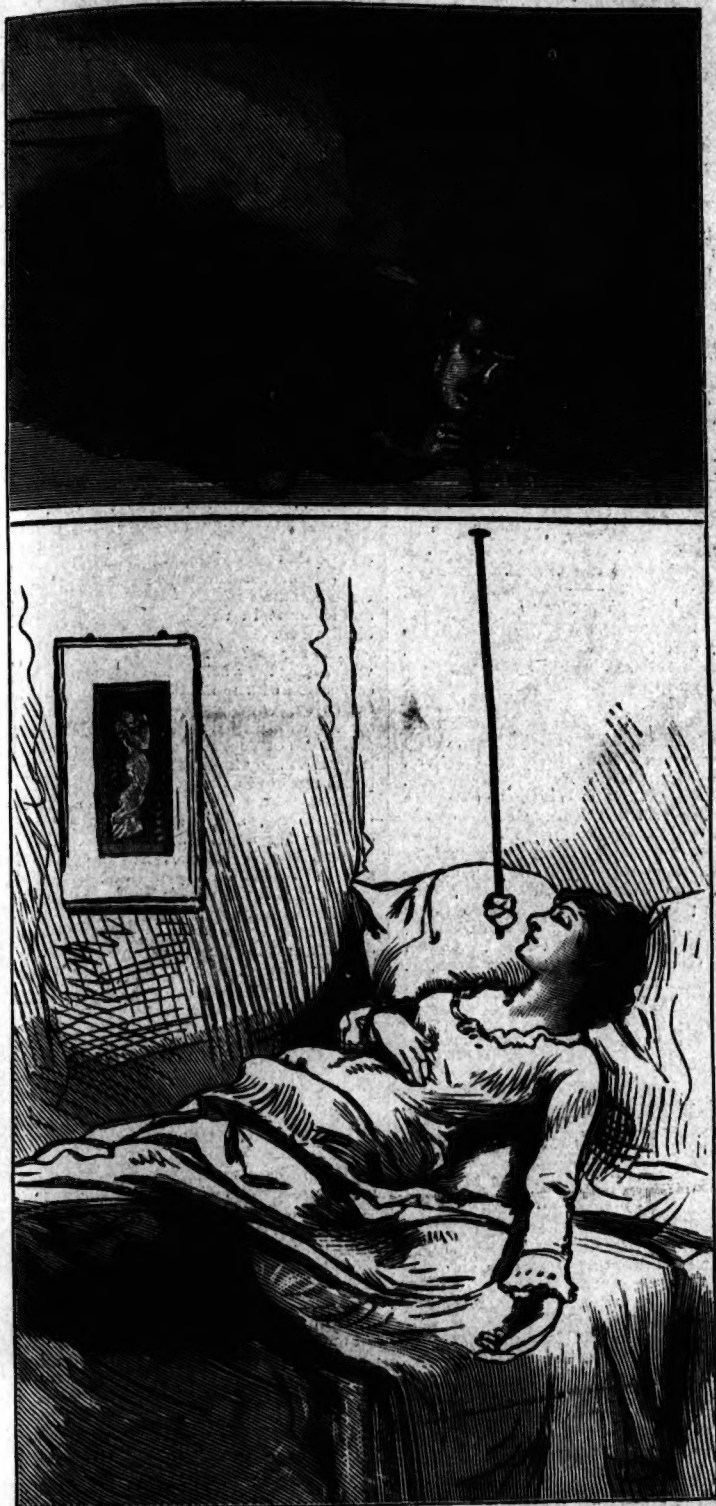
HE KISSED HER SLIPPER.

An Infatuated Lover Pays Tribute to a Music-Hall Performer.



A WHITE CAP OUTRAGE IN AMERICA.

A Citizen Tarred and Feathered in West Virginia.



HE CHLOROFORMED HER.
A Discarded Lover's Cowardly Manner of Revenge.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.
A Chinaman, Caught Cooking Opium for a Girl, is Arrested.



TURNED HIM UPSIDE DOWN.
A Cowboy Prevents a Home Run with His Lasso.



DEATH OF LORD AILESBUURY.

Bad End of a Wasted and Blighted Career.

(With Portrait.)

THE *Leader* of April 11 says: Another peer is dead—a man who will be remembered as the hero of a sordid, chequered life, as a poor unthinking fellow who wasted great opportunities, as the generous tool of men who bled him freely. All things considered, perhaps, it is more charitable to regard the lord who died in comparative obscurity at 121, Leander Road, Brixton, at ten o'clock yesterday morning, as one of those unfortunates from whom Nature withholds the power of mental balance at birth. The Marquess of Ailesbury never had to work for his living, or to take life as a serious problem; he was born, as Tom, Dick, and Harry would say, to the doubtful blessings of "beer and skittles," and to that misfortune may be philosophically traced the wreckage of his life.

He was only 31 when he died—from heart disease, we learn, a malady from which his father suffered before him. Yet a little more than ten years ago, even before he had reached the legal independence of manhood, which the law has fixed at 21, he had squandered his substance in prodigality, until his liabilities reached the enormous sum of a quarter of a million—in round figures £200,000! The inevitable happened. At the settlement made at his "coming of age" one of the Yorkshire properties of the family had to be

Sold to Settle his Debts.

It was not until 1886 that George William Thomas Brudenell-Bruce, Lord Savernake, as he was then known about town, succeeded his grandfather in the Marquessate. He was then only 23. The impoverished fortunes of the family might even then have been repaired by the sale of the Jervaulx Abbey estate to Mr. Samuel Lister (now Lord Masham), the great Bradford manufacturer, had the now dead Marquess been a man of ordinary prudence; but he plunged as madly and as gaily as before along the riotous path of a young man's "wild oats."

Marriage with the late Marquess of Ailesbury had no ballasting effect. At twenty-two he was still, as a contemporary has plainly phrased it, "facile princeps among rowdy aristocrats about town." Yet he was generous withal. It will be told of him generously that even the feverish clamour and unsentimental surroundings of the betting ring could not restrain him from tears when the news was brought to him of his father's death. It will be told of him, too, that he often robbed himself to help an impetuous comrade or an unfortunate protégé. He was reckless of himself, and the horse-leeches knew it, and ever beset him with simulated tales of woe and trouble—he listening with a big, compassionate, foolishly-sensitive heart, and they putting their tongue in their cheek as they noted their success. He has himself, perhaps, given us the best summary of his own distorted character when, candidly acknowledging the mistake Nature had made in destining him for a peer, he said: "A stable boy would be more my line in life." He lived to drive a hansom cab; yet he was the patron of nine church livings—"and several music-halls," as a democratic journal has sarcastically added.

With the lady the Marquess selected in 1884 for his Marchioness he might have settled down into the placid and equable, if prosaic steadiness of matrimony; but apparently that which has been somewhat euphemistically described as "the great, big, good-hearted, overgrown schoolboy" was still restless within him. There is scarcely much need to expatiate on what happened; when he died he and the Marchioness had been as strangers, living apart from each other. The Marchioness was "Miss Dolly Tester," a chorus lady of

the Comedy Theatre in the old days. The daughter of Mr. Thomas Haseley, a Brighton baker, she had begun in the rank-and-file of pantomime under the late Mrs. Nye Chart, at the Brighton Theatre Royal, and when she became Dorothy Julia, Marchioness of Ailesbury she educated herself for her new rank and position in life. The gain was no doubt hers; but it was wasted and lost to the Marquess. Thus it was that when the valet at Brixton dispatched this brief laconic message early yesterday morning, "Lordship dying; come at once," the telegram was re-forwarded from Lower Sloane-street to Savernake, to which place the Marchioness had gone, and she did not reach her husband's bedside in time to see him die. But the Marquess's brother-in-law and his sister—Mr. Sievier and Lady Sievier—had a kinder fortune if such a term may be used in so melancholy connection. They drove at once to Brixton and arrived just in time to see the

Dying Marquess Breathe his Last;

he held out one hand to them and then expired.

He was being held at that fatal moment in the arms of Mr. Robert Feltham (who had been summoned from Savernake) and Mr. Bernard Abrahams, his solicitor. Until Monday he had been staying with Mr. J. Tyler at Chiswick for three days. Taken ill, he was conveyed to Leander Road in a brougham.

The death of the Marquess reminds us now that of late the world has known him mostly as a litigant, even the social disgrace and ostracism into which he fell on being "warned off" the Turf by the Jockey Club over the transactions incidental to the running of the horse Everett for the Glasgow Plate at York being overshadowed by his strenuous endeavour to repair his shattered fortunes by the sale of the magnificent Savernake estate in Wilts, with its house in Savernake Forest, and 40,000 acres of land around it, giving occupation to a population of 5,000 people who lived in its thousand cottages and worked on its hundred farms. The rental value of the estate at the time George Brudenell-Bruce succeeded to the marquessate was £27,000 a year, but partly through depression and partly through neglect, the revenue shrank at last to about half that amount. The Marquess had only to become his own master to increase the pace. So freely did he borrow on his life interest that before long the encumbrances entirely swallowed the rental of the property, and the Marquess became a dependent on his chief creditor, Mr. Samuel Lewis, the well-known loan-agent of Cork Street. The inevitable again happened at last. The Marquess resolved to sell Savernake as well, and Lord Iveagh, the great Dublin brewer, who was known to be looking about for a property, quickly came upon the scene. The sum of £750,000 was to have been paid. This would not only have repaid the £200,000 advanced by Mr. Samuel Lewis on the Marquess's life interest on the estate, but would have left an income of £17,000 a year to support the title. The scheme seemed an excellent one, but Lord Ailesbury had no son, and the "remainder" men, led by Lord Henry Bruce, hotly disputed the right of the Marquess to sell their historic home in order that he might free himself of the embarrassments wrought by his own excesses. In resolving, after protracted hearings, that the sale should be carried out, the Court of Appeal disclaimed all sympathy with the Marquess, who had

Disgrace on his Family Name."

but thought the arrangement the best thing for the tenantry. The Court was moved by consideration of "the misery that they felt would come upon a large estate when handed over to a mortgagee who might be expected to sacrifice every consideration to money making." But it is always darkest before the dawn. Just when the claim of the Marchioness Dorothy to a share in the re-arrangement raised renewed litigation, Lord Iveagh, wearied at last by these proceedings, withdrew his offer. It is a curious circumstance that on the very day that the purchase of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's Suffolk estate by Lord Iveagh is officially announced the wasted life of the poor, broken-down and discredited Marquess of Ailesbury should have come to an end.

A few facts only remain to be added. The late Marquess, whose school accomplishments were not academic, served for a time in the Berkshire Regiment, and never enforced his right to sit in the House of Lords. Perhaps he was sensible that he was in too deep disgrace ever to appear in the Upper Chamber. One of his eccentricities caused him to become known as the "coster peer," his style of dress embodying the cost of a horse trainer and the hat of a bishop. Indeed, his sartorial prototypes were costers and bus drivers, and his "turn-out" at Alexandra Park in his palmy days was "one of the sights of turf life." He had worn guinea for buttons, and sometimes drove a donkey, himself decorated with the orthodox "pearlies." His title now passes to Lord Henry Augustus Brudenell-Bruce, his uncle, who was born in 1842, and sat as

Conservative member for the Chippenham division of Wilts in the last Parliament. He is a fine handsome man, Quixotic and dashing. When he placed a beautiful wreath of flowers on the body yesterday (the dead man's wife and mother had previously visited the death-chamber) he exclaimed, "I have never had a cross word with my nephew."

Some little time ago, it is stated, the late Marquess left the house of Mr. Sievier, with whom he had been staying for some months, and nothing more was heard of him. "The inquiries made into his whereabouts were fruitless, and the first tidings of his proximity to the West End came in the telegram from Brixton. Insurances, it is also understood, were effected on his life for £100,000 by "a well-known financier, who is reported to be a heavy loser by his death." The Marquess was the eldest son of the third Marquess by his wife, Lady Evelyn Mary Craven, daughter of the second Earl of Craven. He leaves no brother, and Lady Mabel Sievier was his only sister.

TOM CONNORS.

A Lancashire Wrestler who Challenges the World.

(With Portrait.)

TOM CONNORS, who recently went to the States, was born in Wigan, Lancashire, of Irish parents, February 16, 1861, stands 5ft 6in, and in condition scales 11st. For a period of ten years he wrestled in the United States, and has met such men as D. A. McMillan, Dennis Gallagher, Adon Butler, Evan Lewis (the Strangler), Martin Burns (the Farmer Wrestler), Hugh Leonard, Frank Whitmore (the Fire Laddy), and all the leading lights of the wrestling ring. He returned home about three years ago, and during his stay here he has met successfully such men as Ike Smith, Joe Carroll, Sam Moores, Tom Clayton (alias Bull Dog), J. Newton (alias Teapot), E. Simpson (alias Mann Boxeff), Bob Winstanley (alias Ciseley), Abram Travis (alias Ab. O'Waggs), and others. In Ireland he wrestled James McMahon, and others. In Scotland he contested with Messrs. Johnson, Ross, and others. Connors has challenged the American wrestlers to meet him in an honest match for a suitable sum of money.

DAN LENO.

A Favourite Comedian and Music Hall Artist.

(With Portrait.)

THERE is nothing that relieves an over-taxed mind so much as a good laugh, hence the old saying, "laugh and grow fat." We have an abundance of performers who can cause an audience to smile and occasionally to laugh, but that don't fill the bill; what is required is one to create general and hearty laughter amongst an audience. Dan Leno figures in that class, so the people say, and what the people say must be so. Public opinion is the best recommendation a performer can have on his side, and with Dan he carries the day by a large majority. Performers, as a rule, are delicate about telling their age, so with Dan. We can only trace him back to 1863; in those days he had to be carried, being too young to stand on his "pins." Three years later he toddled before the glare of the footlights with but little to say. Though he was there just the same, and not many years afterward blossomed out as an acrobat at the Cosmo Music Hall, now destroyed. Dan's feet were too nimble to permit of his continuing acrobatic work, so he took to clog-dancing. We look for our best clog-dancers to come from Lancashire, but Dan was an exception to the rule—being born in London—and not only became an adept at dancing, but won the championship belt. He won four contests, so his ability was beyond question, and in 1880 he abandoned dancing to appear in a pantomime at the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, and subsequently was seen in a pantomime in London with George Conquest. He was afterwards engaged by Sir Augustus Harris at the Drury Lane for pantomime business, and so great was his success during the first week of his appearance there that Sir Augustus re-engaged him for eight years—that was six years ago, consequently he will be one of the features at Drury Lane pantomimes for the next three years. His first real success as a music hall performer was when he sang a parody on "Queen of My Heart," his own production. Since then everything Dan produces goes and goes big all over the Kingdom. "Young Men Taken In and Done For," "The Railway Guard," "Never More," "Shopwalker," "Little Piece of Bacon," "Recruiting Sergeant," "The Jap," "Going out of Town," "The Doctor," "The Mummy," and "Walker, London," figure amongst his successes.

Sceptics who dispute Dan's ability have only to visit the Tivoli, Oxford, or Pavilion to become convinced that he possesses excellent ability, and is the ideal of the people, who enjoy a first-class music hall artist and a thoroughly "funny man."

WHAT THEY ALL WANT.

Anything a Trifle "Shady" is What the Public Cry For.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Those who put on a sanctimonious appearance, and are horror-struck when shown anything bordering on immorality, are just the ones whose looks belie them. It is perfectly natural for every human being to possess depraved instincts, and each person you meet has a "hobby" of their own. Ample evidence is shown by the fact that portraits bordering on the line of decency, when shown in a window in any public thoroughfare, do not command general attention, but go in a side street and accost a man, intimating you have something naughty, which is just from Paris, and you can get your own price, providing it is highly flavoured; and the more indecent it is the more they will pay.

Go through Holywell Street and you will notice the young and old of the fair sex scouring for French novels, and the newest and naughtiest always command the quickest sales at the highest prices. In the Colonies you have only to visit public libraries and watch both sexes, young and old, watching for Zola's works, and if none are obtainable they depart disappointed. Good common-sense literature is too dry and irksome in these advanced stages of civilisation.

Take for instance a questionable house, where only lady boarders are kept for the edification of the male sex, and once it is raided by the police, the trade is immediately established; men will flock there regardless of expense, and freely acknowledge that they heard of the place through police reports in the papers.

Let a painting be condemned as being too immoral, and the public will fairly clamour for a peep at the work of art. The feeling is imbued in the human system to want what you can't get, or if you can get it the value rises according to the amount of quiet sneaking work you have to do to attain your desires. In some portions of the States no liquor can be bought for love or money, and soon as the people realise it every man displays a hankering desire to get a good "jag" on. Chemists' shops do a thriving business, and frequently get as high as a dollar a drink for the vilest decoction imaginable, so long as you say it is whisky it goes, whether poisonous or not. When cigarette pictures were suppressed as being indecent, hordes of people wanted cigarettes, not that they cared to enjoy such a smoke, but it was to get that indecent picture. Night clubs are never prosperous till you imbue into a visitor's mind that chances are brilliant for a raid on the grounds of its encouraging immorality, and the victim soon pays a second visit, and will introduce friends and those friends bring others. A raid now and again only tends to advertise the place and make it popular. To say that old men are infatuated with the desire for something a bit rude is nothing more than stating facts. To substantiate this statement attend a theatre, where the females are sparsely attired, and the front seats will be occupied by bald heads, who admire looking at a voluptuous siren; it makes them feel young again, and should an alluring glance be cast in their direction it makes the blood course through their veins, and the weakened appearance departs for the time being.

THE LAST PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

A Nymph of the Ballet Studies the Part of Accepting a Bouquet.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEN you see the popular ballet girl she appears happy and contented as can be, and accepts the plaudits bestowed upon her with a grace which would make you think she felt as though heaven itself surrounded her. Life on the stage and life as they live it are two distinct existences. The one on the stage is one of apparent pleasure, but who can say what misery is behind it? Follow the nymph of the ballet to her home, and in most cases her private life is one of misery. We once knew of one of the most popular ones who, ere she appeared in public, made a study of her every move. She devoted an entire week in her lodgings rehearsing how she should accept a bouquet of flowers. Her husband assumed the part of presenting a bouquet, and flowers being too expensive, he utilised a feather duster. The athen would attire in stage costume, and mount a chair that had seen better days. It filled the gap for a stage. Then the husband would advance toward her, and, with a graceful bow, present the offering. Then came the hard part: to accept in a graceful manner, and have the countenance assume a happy and surprised appearance. Persistent practice accomplished the purpose, and when the public saw the lady go through her performance, and the grateful appearance she presented when a floral offering, purchased by her husband, was given her after an encore, they little dreamt that the nymph of the ballet resided in a murky attic chamber, sparsely furnished, and conspicuous for its filth and ancient appearance.

PROUD OF THEIR LEGS.

Strange Fad of London Beauties to be Photographed in Tights.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"It is not generally known," said a prominent London photographer, the other day, "that young ladies of respectability have a burning desire to be photographed in tights, and it is necessary for me to keep costumes on hand for the use of my customers; there are lots of ladies in London who perhaps have a pretty figure while they haven't a pretty face. They're proud of themselves, and they want to know how they will look in a picture. More than that, they want other people to see how they look."

"Lots of them don't mean any harm. They think it isn't any worse for them to have their pictures in tights than it is for the comic opera singers or dancers, or even some of the fine actresses. They have their pictures taken and give them to their lady friends. Of course they make their friends promise not to let anyone see the picture, but, pshaw! they'd be disappointed if no one did. Some of them ain't so modest, either. They ask me to put their pictures in the case. But most of them have it done just for fun or because they fancy themselves. Now, this woman, she's married and she'd have a fit if her picture was put out of sight. She's different from that woman. She came up here one day and said she wanted her picture taken in tights. You see, when one girl does it, all her friends who see her picture want to do it, too. I never saw anything like them. No, I don't charge them anything for the use of the tights. It's like the rest of the accessories; they can use that if they want it, just as they can have a garden wall to stand by, or an easy chair to sit on."

"Almost always two young ladies come up together, and such giggling! They'll fight shy of the word 'tights,' too. They'll go around looking at the pictures till they find one in tights, and then the girl who wants the picture will ask to be 'taken like that.' It's none of my business, you know. Of course, if a young girl came in and wanted her picture taken that way I wouldn't do it; but they never do. Well, I give the girl these things," and the photographer produced a pair of flesh-coloured tights and a long, loose bodice of purple satin. "I got them from a circus-rider," he said. "Some of them want these, too," producing a pair of black hose with white toes and a white band at the top. "These reach half-way up to the knee, and take away any thin look," he explained.

"Well, while the girl is getting into these things I get my plate ready. Generally I have time to get twenty plates ready—and such carryings on all the while! When they come out, almost always the girl in tights kind of sneaks along behind the other girl, but sometimes they put on a brave face and stalk out as if they owned the whole gallery. Stand behind a railing? Well, yes, they seem to kind of want to keep behind something as long as they can, but not when it comes to the picture! No, sir! After they have once come out, though, and stood in front of the camera, they seem to get over the first shrinking, and they're not in any hurry to get out of tights and into petticoats. While I'm in the dark room developing the plate they do a lot of sky-larking. I never saw anything like the difference it makes in a woman when she gets out of skirts and into trousers or something like them. Why, they act as if they had just had a glass of champagne or something of that sort."

I had Six Ladies in Tights

at one time the other day, and they were matching up legs to see who had the best-shaped and largest; they were all good, and they presented a picture all stripped at one time. When two come together, nine times out of ten the girl who comes along with the sitter takes a notion she wants to have her picture taken the same way, and then there's the same thing to be gone through again. They almost always go away saying they wish they could wear tights all the time. But, my goodness! they're only one kind of the queer customers we have down here. See, here's a girl in a sailor's suit. These two girls came in together, and nothing would do but this one must put on the sailor costume and be holding a cigar. It does beat all how they want to ape the men! Well, they wanted to have a man in the picture, too. I don't see why, when this girl was dressed up as a boy, but any way, they did. So a man that was working for me got between them and put one arm around each girl, and that was all they wanted. They didn't know him, but it made a 'great' picture, as they said.

"All the queer ones are not women, though. There's a man been coming here for the last two years and having his picture taken in these tights and this waist just like the women. He wears a wig, too, a blonde one with long curls, and he makes a first-rate girl. I have no idea what this fad will lead to—probably divorce suits some time, because many are bound to get married, and

sooner or later the husband will get hold of the picture—then, look out for trouble. Men are fastidious about such things; they will go to the theatre and admire women in a semi-nude condition, but when it strikes too close to home, it puts an entirely different phase on the case—at least, so they usually think."

PROFESSOR ATTILA.

The Professor of Physical Culture who has Developed Many Strong Men.

(With Portrait.)

PROF. ATTILA, the strong man, is well-known all over the world. At present he is in the States, giving instructions in dumbbell exercise. He is credited with having developed Sandow and other strong men now before the public. When Corbett was matched to fight Mitchell, he gave the champion advice on physical development, and Corbett in appreciation of the suggestions he had received, presented Attila with a handsome diamond locket. On the inside of the locket is the following inscription: "A token of my appreciation to Professor Attila for his five-pound dumbbell training system. Your friend, JAS. J. CORBETT. "March 16, 1894."

JAKE GAUDAUR.

Champion Oarsman of America.

(With Portrait.)

THERE are few oarsmen better known than Jake Gaudaur, the American champion, and on his arrival in this country to meet Charles R. ("Wag") Harding in a sculling match over the Thames Championship course rowing will receive quite an impetus in England. Gaudaur is a native of Orilla, Ontario, and since he was twelve years of age he has taken to boating. He came here in 1886 to dispute championship honours with William Beach, the Australian, but was beaten after a close and exciting struggle. He has held the sculling championship of America for several years, and is by far the fastest sculler ever produced in that country. He will come here during the summer for the purpose of rowing Harding or Sullivan.

HOW HE TRIED TO WALK HOME.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEN a man imbibes too freely he should always resort to a cab to convey him to his domicile. Staggering along the thoroughfare is not by any means a pleasant predicament. We have heard of a man being escorted home by friends, and know of one case where a man placed his shoes outside of the front door, thinking he was in his bedchamber, but we have only one recorded instance where a man received aid from a railing surrounding a monument, and this occurred recently. The victim was the possessor of an excellent "jag," and falling against the railing he inaugurated a march, which, to him, appeared like a homeward retreat. He had made several trips around when a constable notified him that he had better journey home. Though his eyes presented a bleared appearance, he readily took in the situation, and, on a cab being hailed, he was assisted in and driven home.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

"And you think Miss Dimple pretty? You can't deny that her nose turns up."

"It does; it does. And her lips turn up so temptingly, too, sometimes!"

"He has joined a suicide club, has he?"

"He has."

"I am not surprised. I have always said he was willing to do his utmost for the welfare of his fellow creatures."

"I must get a new bathing dress ready for the coming summer."

"Why don't you take one of your old party gowns?"

"Bless you, that wouldn't half cover me."

"He's going to ask your father for your hand to-night. Don't you wish me luck?"

"She: 'Yes; I hope he will have on his slippers.'"

"Myrtle: 'So you are going to marry old Mr. Goldrocks?'"

"Ethylle: 'Yes, I am.'"

"Myrtle: 'Why, he's almost sixty years old, and has buried six wives.'"

"Ethylle: 'I know all that; but I do not doubt you remember the story of the pitcher that went to the well. I hope to break the spell.'"

"Mr. Paycash: 'You will have to trust me for these cigars this morning, I won't have a penny until I get down to the office.'"

"Mr. Tobac: 'What, have the hard times struck you, too?'"

"Mr. Paycash: 'No; it's not exactly that, but, you know, my wife went to bed after I did last night.'"

A WHITE CAP OUTRAGE IN AMERICA.

A Citizen Tarred and Feathered in West Virginia.

(Subject of Illustration.)

West Virginia is crowded with a set of lawless citizens who, on the slightest provocation, punish their victims under the guise as White Caps, presumably to serve the good of the people at large. A cruel outrage was perpetrated there recently, the like of which never could occur in any country outside of the United States. A law-abiding citizen was dragged from his home at midnight, and taken to the outskirts and stripped naked. His hands and feet were bound, and he was placed on a large block of ice, and whilst suffering the leader of the White Cap gang blindfolded him and then read a series of imaginary charges, and announced the decision the lawless band had decided upon was a coat of tar and feathers. The tar was heated, and then slapped on, causing indelible pain to the unfortunate. When completely covered with hot tar, feathers were plied, and he was then ordered to return to his home, more dead than alive. It is not expected that he will survive, and the police are endeavouring to ferret out the twelve scoundrels who did the dastardly deed.

LOST HIS FRONT TEETH.

The Plight of a Man who Boasted of a Big Mouth.

(Subject of Illustration.)

GET a party of men together, and one is pretty sure to boast of being possessed of something that excels those about him. It was in a billiard room at the West End the other day that a man boasted that nature had endowed him with an extremely large mouth, and suggested placing a billiard ball in it. The party ridiculed the idea, and drinks for those present pended on the result. The man won the wager so far as getting the billiard ball in his mouth, but he was unable to get it out again. Every effort conceivable was made to relieve the unfortunate, and finally the services of a surgeon were enlisted. Finding that swelling had set in, it was necessary to extract the front teeth ere the ball could be pressed out of the mouth. The victim suffered untold agonies, and it will serve as a lesson for him in future never to wager that he can test the capacity of what nature has bestowed upon him.

HIS STAYS WERE LACED TOO TIGHT.

Caused a Duke to Faint before the Family.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DUKE was placed in rather a peculiar predicament at a family gathering, near Manchester, the other day. He prided himself on a superb form, and many were the compliments bestowed upon him. The people, however, little realised that the young man wore stays, and kept them laced as tight as he could possibly tolerate them. He dined with the family of his intended recently, and matters progressed serenely till he had imbibed too freely in cold water and tarts, because his stomach commenced to distress him, and then he found himself in agony. He finally fainted. The young lady plied cold water, and her father the fan, but he was not afforded relief till, upon opening his waistcoat, they noticed he wore stays. The host was not slow in loosening them, and the young duke quickly revived, decidedly humiliated and crestfallen.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE.

JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS! the best and newest to be had. Sample collections of one dozen Cabinets, 2s. 6d.; superior, 5s. C.D.V.s, 2s. doz. Curious Transparencies, 1s. packet. Aristotle's Works, coloured plates, 360, 2s. Bride, 1s. 3d. Maria Monk, illustrated, 1s. 8d. Paris by Night, illustrated, with which is presented a Cabinet Photograph, 1s. 2d. All post free. Complete catalogue, 2 stamps.

M. LOUIS, 16, VILLIERS ST., CHARING CROSS.

UGHT WOMEN TO BE PUNISHED for having too many children? Fourpence post-free.—M. O. L., KINGFISHER, Leeds.

RARE BOOKS

ARISTOTLE'S WORKS, coloured plates 2s. 4d. (Medical Book); The Bride, 1s. 2d.; Bocaccio's Famous Decamerion, 2 vols., complete, 3s. 6d. Many others. Catalogues two stamps. Six Photos, 1s.—ROSENTHAL, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London. Mention paper.

LAWRENCE'S FEMALE PILLS.

STRONGEST AND MOST POWERFUL FEMALE REMEDY ON EARTH. For the most obstinate cases of OBSTRUCTIONS, &c. WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE. Stabborn, Lingering, and Long-Standing Cases rapidly yield to this treatment. 4s. 6d. per box; Strongest, 11s. Postage, 6d. extra. Mrs. LAWRENCE, 187, King's Road, Chelsea, London.

LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JAMES J. CORBETT,

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

CONTAINING

PORTRAITS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PUGILISTS

WHOM CORBETT HAS BEATEN.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

OF

CORBETT'S BATTLES

WITH

Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, and Charles Mitchell.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,

Or sent, Post Paid, by

THE MIRROR OF LIFE,

108, FLEET STREET, E.C.

KING'S FAMOUS FEMALE ELIXIR

GUARANTEED to be the Strongest, Most Powerful, Speediest, and Most Effective Regulating Female Medicine extant. It removes, without pain or sickness, the Most Long-standing and Stubborn Obstructions, Suppressions, and Irregularities, from whatever cause. It will not injure the Most Delicate Constitution of those in ill-health. Ingredients stated upon Oath. Ladies are invited to send for particulars, proofs, and testimonials at once, enclosing stamped envelope. The following unsolicited testimonials, and hundreds of others, may be seen in their post-marked envelopes. They are all sworn under oath to be true.

"Armsley Road, Leeds, January, 1894.
"Dear Mrs. King,—I must thank you very much for sending Elixir so promptly. It has answered its purpose splendidly. Will recommend it to all my friends. . . . Very thankfully yours,
"Mrs. L. M."

"County Terrace Street, London, S.E.,
"January 18, 1894.
"My Dear Madame,—Accept my sincere thanks. The Pills have done all wished for, and I have been relieved of four months' agony of mind. Please send me a 7s. 6d. bottle for a friend of mine. P.O. enclosed.—Truly yours,
"Miss A. W."

"Queen's Hotel, Southsea, January 19, 1894.
"Dear Madame,—Since writing for another box of Pills the desired result has been brought about, for which I do most heartily thank you. Best wishes. Hoping your firm will soon be better known.—Yours faithfully,
"Miss P. L."

"Frederick Street, St. John's Wood,
"January 20, 1894.
"Dear Madame,—For the third time your Elixir has proved a grand success. What time and money poor women like myself would save if they did but come to you first!—Very sincerely,
"Madame de F."

"Dear Mrs. King,—After wasting all my spare money on useless Medicines I was then advised to send to you. I did so, and am now writing to thank you greatly, as it has cured me after three months' suspense.—Very truly yours,
"Mrs. F."

5d. 6d. and 7s. 6d. PER BOTTLE. Special Preparation for IMMEDIATE EFFECT sent, under cover, free from observation, securely packed, accompanied with hundreds of convincing testimonials and full directions for use (specially written for each case), 11s. Postage 6d.

MRS. KING, 187, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, LONDON. P.S.—We guarantee complete satisfaction and success in every case, as the most obstinate always yields to our Elixir. Please name this paper.

LIST OF BOOKS sent post free for the amount stated by W. H. REYNOLDS, Publisher, New Cross, London, S.E.:—

MALTHUSIAN HANDBOOK: Designed to induce Married People to Limit their Families. Eightpence.

THE STRIKE OF A SEX; or WOMAN ON STRIKE AGAINST THE MALE SEX. Eightpence.

THE RADICAL REMEDY IN SOCIAL SCIENCE; or BORNING BETTER BABES. One Shilling.

PLAIN HOME TALK, by Dr. Foote. 909 pages, 200 Illustrations. Six Shillings.

MARRIED LIFE COMFORT OR MISERY; A Dialogue. Twopence.

WHAT DO WE WOMEN WANT? Twopence.

EARLY MARRIAGES AND LIMITED FAMILIES, by Dr. ALICE VICKERY. Twopence.



WHAT THEY ALL WANT.

Anything a Trifle "Shady" is What the Public All Cry For.